

The Improvement

ERA

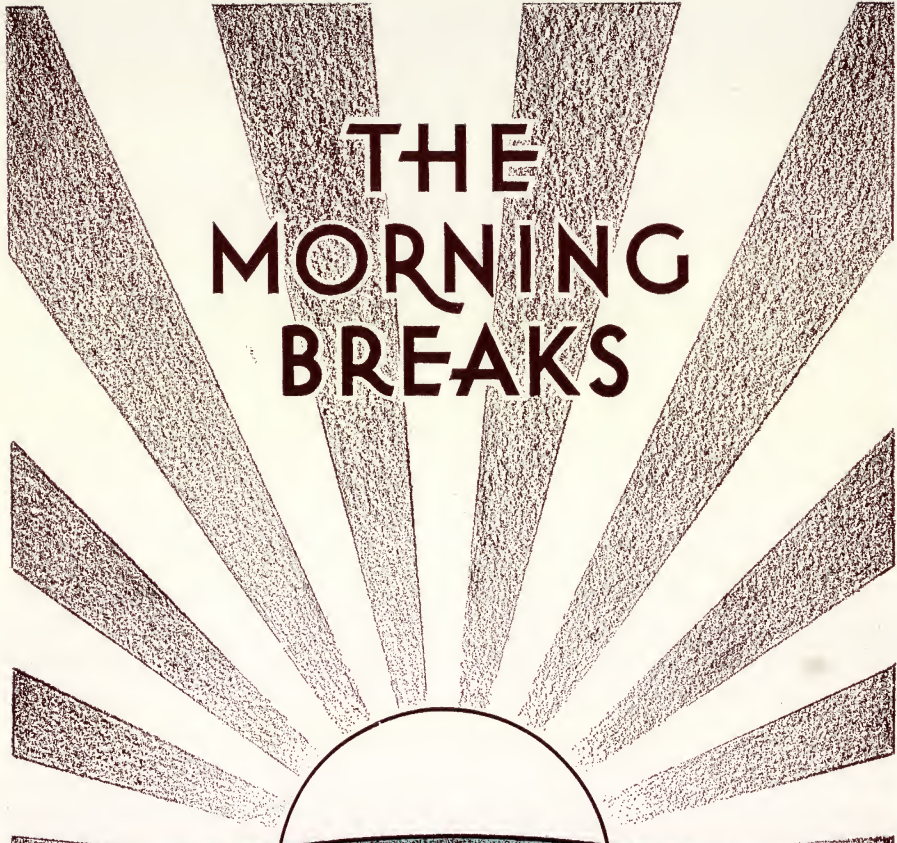
MARCH, 1935

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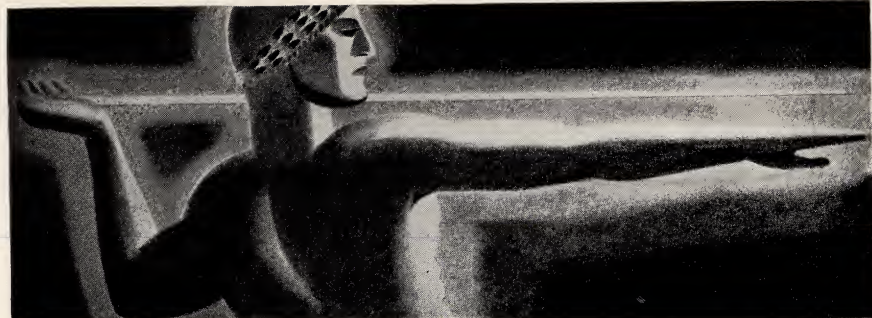
THE MORNING BREAKS

An Epoch-Making Issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

A new day is dawning for the world. Economically, socially and spiritually new ideals and new standards are gaining ground. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints faces this new day of promise with a background of glorious history, a united and growing membership and leaders with an inspired insight into the future. Truly prophetic of our day are the words, "The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee." The April *Era* tells our story as it has never been told before.

THE PRICE OF SINGLE COPIES OF THIS ISSUE IS 50c. ORDER YOURS EARLY

Regular subscribers will receive this special issue as a part of their regular subscriptions. This is an issue which should be in every Latter-day Saint home and which members will want to send to friends in other states and countries. It will be a great missionary document. The edition is limited.



Heber J. Grant, *Editor*
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Managing Editor
Elsie Talmage Brandley,
Associate Editor
Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education

**Published monthly by the
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Melvin J. Ballard, *General Mgr.*
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**EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL
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The "Era" for April

COMMEMORATING the
100th anniversary of the
organization of the Quorum of
Twelve Apostles, which occur-
red in Feb., 1835, *The Im-
provement Era* for April will
comprise many vital religious and
historical features. Many lovely
pages of pictures will tell part
of the story of the Church in
photographic form—collections
having been assembled of pic-
tures of Christ and His Apostles
(from famous paintings), the
Apostles of the Church of Jesus
Christ of Latter-day Saints from
the beginning, members of the
First Presidency from the begin-
ning, the Seventies, maps of the
Stakes and the Missions, stories
of the establishment and develop-
ment of the Genealogical work,
the Sunday Schools, Relief So-
ciety, Mutual Improvement Asso-
ciations. Primary and other de-
partments of the Church. "The
Morning Breaks, the Shadows
Flee" is the theme of one of the
most beautiful covers the *Era* has
ever carried. The April issue
will tell you the who and when
and what of Church organization
in the past 100 years.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Volume 38

MARCH, 1935

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY



FIELDING K. SMITH

"THE DUNES," BLACK AND WHITE STUDY BY FIELDING K. SMITH



THE RETIRING GENERAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

Front row, left to right: Axel A. Madsen; Ernest Horsley; LeRoy Snow; Joseph F. Smith; W. O. Robinson; Heber C. Iverson; D. E. Hammond.

Second row, left to right: James Gunn McKay; John H. Taylor; Franklin S. Harris; Richard R. Lyman; George Albert Smith; Melvin J. Ballard; Oscar A. Kirkham; John A. Widtsoe.

Back row, left to right: Arthur L. Beesley; John F. Bowman; E. E. Erickson; Thomas Beal; Harrison R. Merrill; Lewis T. Cannon; Herbert B. Maw; Lyman L. Daines; Alma C. Clayton; Stringham A. Stevens; Nicholas G. Morgan; George Q. Morris; John D. Giles; Spencer Cornwall.

Superintendency and General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. Released

ON January 23, Elder David O. McKay, second counselor in the First Presidency of the Church, representing the First Presidency, appeared before the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and read the document printed in this issue of the magazine releasing from the superintendency Elders George Albert Smith, Richard R. Lyman, and Melvin J. Ballard. Elder McKay made it clear that their release released also all members of the Church Board upon which two other Apostles were serving—Elders John A. Widtsoe and Joseph F. Merrill.

On the following Saturday the new superintendent, Albert E. Bowen, and his first assistant, George Q. Morris, were announced.

The new board was not at that time selected nor has it been selected

as this issue of the magazine goes to press.

The General Superintendency and the General Board accepted the announcement in all good will, for, of course, they had been expecting it ever since the reorganization of the Deseret Sunday School Union Superintendency. A perusal of the document indicates, also, that other auxiliary boards may be dissolved and reorganized.

The released General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association immediately called a meeting for five o'clock on the following evening at which before disbanding they wished to speak heart to heart to the General Superintendency and to each other. Superintendent George Albert Smith was not present at either meeting, being confined to his home with illness.

At the Thursday evening meet-

ing humble and tender testimonials were borne by the various members many of whom had been connected intimately with the organization and with the retiring superintendency for years. All expressed appreciation of the move made by the First Presidency and saw in it signs of continuous growth of the Church. The expanding stakes and general widening of the influence of the Church were recognized by all of the speakers as substantial reasons why the General Authorities on all of the auxiliaries should be relieved.

Later a special committee was appointed to arrange a party for the outgoing Superintendency and Board Members. This party was held in the Lion House Social Center on Tuesday evening, February 5. The entertainment took the form of an informal reception followed by a dinner and program.



About one hundred fifty guests were present. The menu and program of the evening had been attractively printed in three colors and bore on the front the portraits of the Superintendency. Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Secretary, was master of ceremonies. Good cheer and jollity characterized the activities of the evening.

Choice bits on the program were "Unfinished Business" carried on by the ladies; "Things I Cannot Forget," conducted by Chairman Oscar A. Kirkham; and "Illustrations Along the Way," by John D. Giles.

The history of the organization presented in three parts by LeRoi C. Snow, the oldest member of the General Board in point of service. Ann M. Cannon, and Clarissa A. Beesley, was interesting and in some places brought forth delighted chuckles. The sketches however, revealed the phenomenal growth of the organization.

The Young Men's General Board presented the Superintendency each with a scroll showing the M. I. A. Building in delicate water colors and a brief sentiment above the signatures of every member of the Board.

The retiring General Superintendency spoke briefly voicing their appreciation of their association with members of their own Board and with the Young Women's Board.

President Ruth May Fox, in behalf of her own Board, presented the retiring superintendency with a beautiful photographic reproduction of the sculptured group by Avarad Fairbanks, which appeared as frontispiece in the January number of *The Improvement Era*.

The retiring Superintendency have reason to be proud of the progress made by their organization. Superintendent Smith was especially pleased with the progress in cultural and spiritual activities and in the fact that both the M. I. A. and *The Improvement Era* are self-sustaining and out of debt.

Alma Pettegrew, secretary of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., prepared a partial summary of the progress made of the organization since the retiring Superintendency have been at its head. It follows:

George Albert Smith: Became a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., April 13, 1904.

Richard R. Lyman: Became a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. April 24, 1918.

Melvin J. Ballard: Became a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. February 27, 1919.

Richard R. Lyman: Was made Second Assistant General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. April 2, 1919, with Anthony W. Ivins, General Superintendent, and Brigham H. Roberts, First Assistant General Superintendent.

George Albert Smith: Was appointed General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. September 21, 1921, with Brigham H. Roberts as First Assistant and Richard R. Lyman as Second Assistant General Superintendent.

Brigham H. Roberts was released as First Assistant General Superintendent on May 24, 1922, at which time *Richard R. Lyman* was made First Assistant and *Melvin J. Ballard* Second Assistant General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.

Total enrollment May 31, 1922, 45,856; total enrollment May 31, 1934, 67,298.

(Continued on page 170)

BANQUET GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE RETIRING SUPERINTENDENCY AND BOARD AT THE LION HOUSE SOCIAL CENTER

Left to right, foreground: Melvin J. Ballard; Edith Smith Elliott; Emily Smith Stewart; George Albert Smith; Ruth May Fox; F. Y. Fox; Amy Brown Lyman. Left side of the table: Mrs. Melvin J. Ballard; Oscar A. Kirkham; Mrs. Oscar A. Kirkham; John A. Widtsoe; Leah D. Widtsoe. Right side of the table, front to back: Richard R. Lyman; Lucy Grant Cannon; George J. Cannon; Clarissa A. Beesley; Marian Morris; George Q. Morris.



Communication

ELDERS GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, *General Superintendent*, RICHARD R. LYMAN, *First Assistant*, MELVIN J. BALLARD, *Second Assistant*, and members of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

January 18, 1935.

Dear Brethren:

FOR some time past it has been evident that the growth of the Church and the ever-increasing demands upon the time and strength of the General Authorities would make imperative the releasing of members of the First Presidency and of the Council of the Twelve from the direct responsibility of presiding over the general boards of the auxiliary organizations. It has been seventeen years since one of the First Presidency so officiated.

It is now deemed advisable, indeed absolutely necessary, to relieve members of the Twelve of their duties not only as presiding officers, but also as members of the general boards. The duties of the Apostleship, as well as the health of the individuals, demand that this action be taken without further delay.

Accordingly, at the regular weekly meeting of the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve held in the Salt Lake Temple, Thursday, January 10, Elders George Albert Smith, Richard R. Lyman, and Melvin J. Ballard, were honorably released as Superintendent, First Assistant, and Second Assistant Superintendent, respectively, of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the Church. This action was accompanied by a keen and heartfelt appreciation of the able and untiring devotion of these brethren to a great and noble cause. Under their leadership the M. I. A. work has achieved high and worthy distinction. Most truly their accomplishments should bring to their souls the satisfaction and peace that come from successful achievement.

With the consideration of the necessity of relieving the Twelve, there has been associated also the advisability of reorganizing *all* of the general boards of the auxiliary organizations. Such a course seems to possess much merit; first, because to require persons to contribute so much of their time to what might, without occasional changes, grow to be considered a life-long position is hardly fair; and secondly, because of the personal development acquired, others should be given an equal opportunity with their associates to serve in these responsible positions of leadership.

This policy to reorganize the auxiliary boards has been unanimously approved by the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve.

It is recommended, therefore, that with the retiring Superintendency the members of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association also be, and are, hereby honorably released from their respective positions. This action will give the newly appointed General Superintendency free and open field from which to select the new Board.

Evidently, some of the present members if they again be called, should be willing to renew their labors as officers and members of the General Board; for none of the accomplishments, nor the mighty impetus given to the cause of Mutual work should be lost,

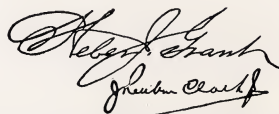
which might be the case if all the experience and ability acquired through years of intelligent thought and devotion were replaced by entirely new representatives. Let us retain all present worthy achievements that they may be an inspiration to the new members to climb to yet greater heights. To this end the new Superintendency will be requested and urged to consult freely Elders Smith, Lyman and Ballard, with respect to the reorganization of the new Board.

In extending this honorable release to the Superintendency and members we cannot refrain from expressing our highest commendation for your willing and unselfish service to the welfare of young men and young women of the Church. Nor have your efforts been confined alone to Church members. Like a light that throws its rays in all directions, your influence has radiated into the lives of unnumbered thousands who otherwise, perhaps, would not have been guided into the paths of truth as revealed in the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. As "echoes roll from soul to soul and go forever and forever," so will your worthy efforts continue to live in the lives of those whom you have inspired and blessed.

Twenty years ago the membership of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was 33,506; today it is 65,000. Yet this remarkable increase in enrollment is but a slight indication of the great growth during the period. The careful management of the *Era*, its increasing influence for good, books and pamphlets published and circulated, reading courses promulgated, increased efficiency in classwork and leadership, new and effective organization in the Scouts, Vanguard, M Men, Senior and Adult Departments, the excellency of conventions, and the far-reaching and uplifting influence that have led tens of thousands of men and women into wholesome activity in cultural, social and spiritual realms—these and other achievements unmentioned will stand as everlasting monuments to your integrity, devotion and unselfish service.

As you now enter into other fields of equally worthy and high endeavor, may God's choicest blessings attend you, and the guiding influence of His holy Spirit be your constant companion.

Sincerely your brethren,


David O. McKay
First Presidency.



SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL,
CHIEF SCOUT OF THE WORLD

A Message for the Scouts of the Church of the Latter-day Saints

This message reached Oscar A. Kirkham, Deputy Executive of the Twelfth Region, Boy Scouts of America, too late to go into the February issue of the magazine. It is so warm and friendly, however, that we decided to give it a page in this issue of the magazine.—The Editors.

THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION
IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS
25, Buckingham Palace Road,
LONDON .
S.W.I.

December 31st, 1934.

IT is with the greatest pleasure that I send my warmest greetings to all my brother Scouts of the Church of the Latter-day Saints and wish them every happiness and prosperity.

Both on the occasion of my visit to America and also at the various World Jamborees it has been my privilege to meet many of your Leaders and Scouts. From my personal contact with them I have learned to have a deep regard for the splendid spirit which animates you all. In Scouting it is the spirit which counts. I feel that you, my brother Scouts, set us a really fine example in all that most matters and I wish you all the good things that you most wish for yourselves.

It is my great hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting many of your Leaders and Rover Scouts at the Rover Moot and International Conference in Sweden next summer.

The Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, is at present in Australia attending the Australian Jamboree, but I know that if he had been here he would have wished to send you his personal most cordial greetings.

Your sincere brother Scout,

International Commissioner.



HERBERT MARTIN,
INTERNATIONAL BOY SCOUT COMMISSIONER





MARIGOLDS LOVE THE SUN

By CARLA WOLFE

EVEN in the coolest north room of the little mountain cabin, Reina felt the oppressive waves of heat pushing in at her temples, weighting her body, gumming the very pores of her skin. It was one of those brief periods of hideous heat that come, even in spring, to some hill districts.

She half reclined in her low chair letting her bright hair fall back from her forehead and enjoying the momentary chill of evaporation at the roots. She wished she were back in San Francisco shivering in the teeth of a fog or a strong sea wind, or bareheaded in the sunshine that could be tropically bright but never hot like this. She wished she were working again, and care-free to do as she pleased. Maxine herself had declared they never had had a better model in the shop. How the other girls would laugh—all of them still so young and avid for life—if they could see her married to this tireless engineer who whisked her from one uncivilized hole to another, and never seemed to mind it in the least!

She wished, for a desperately unhappy minute, that she had never laid eyes on Gordon Corey!

"Good heavens, I can't go on this way all day! It's disgusting for me to rant when things can't be helped. But oh, this heat, and this utterly lifeless place, and this ramshackle dump of a house!"

She surveyed the room savagely: the pine floors with their strips of nondescript carpet, the stiff gray-white curtains at every window, the few plain pieces of furniture. "The house of the chief engineer—the nicest one in the camp! How I'd hate to have to enter one of the others!"

Perhaps it would help to drive into Weston. There might even

be a breeze, with the top down.

She shook off her moist clothing and slipped into the great round tub of water Gordon had left for her in the wash room, staying huddled down in it until she felt numb all over. Longingly she recalled the green-tiled bathroom with its waterfall of a shower in the apartment that she and Babs and Alma had shared together, and of her own ivory and apricot nook behind the wall bed where she could dress before a full-length mirror.

Laying ready her thinnest frock of pale yellow swiss with slip, stockings and hat to match, she threw off her kimono and sank again into the tin tub. Before she was dressed the heat had found and swallowed her again.

THROUGH the bedroom window she could see little Mrs. Crawford in the next yard on hands and knees in the glaring sunshine, digging in the dirt. Reina shuddered. How could anyone be so idiotic? Who wanted a garden if it cost hours of actual stewing in the heat.

Then a flicker almost of pity for Mrs. Crawford stole over her. Mrs. Crawford was dainty, rather pretty, with a high true voice of amazing power and richness that rang out in gay morning songs over the clatter of dishwashing or the swish of a broom. Yet there she was, buried like Reina herself in a much smaller house without so much as a porch; married to a thick-shouldered, thick-nosed husband who earned, Gordon had said, only a hundred and twenty-five a month, working on the bridge.

They had never been at all neighborly. Reina had shrunk instinctively from making contacts that would assume the nature of permanence. She felt without reasoning that if she maintained her attitude of readiness for flight, Gordon would somehow hurry the completion of the bridge and cut a few months from their intolerable residence here. Mrs. Crawford's first overtures toward friendship had been met with sweet politeness but without response.

Ready to leave at last, Reina came back to drop her hat and gloves, picking up a parasol instead. Mrs. Crawford had thrown aside her hat, too, and was jerking apart the drenched strands of dark hair.

Perhaps she'd like to drive to Weston, too, poor thing.

Reina strolled over to the fence, queerly moved by the look of pleased surprise that dawned in Mrs. Crawford's eyes.

"What on earth are you doing? Why, and please don't," she laughed lightly, leaning on the pickets under her big parasol.

"I'm setting out marigolds, and I must because it's going to rain soon and I have the plants all dug up. They're really gorgeous marigolds—a new African kind that grow on tall stems, as big and fluffy as dahlias—and I wouldn't lose them for anything."

"But," objected Reina, "can't you find a nice shady place to put them in, and not get burned alive for your trouble?"

Mrs. Crawford only laughed, while great patches of perspiration grew larger on her blue voile dress. "Marigolds love the sun," she said.



GORDON HAD HER IN HIS ARMS AND WAS KISSING HER OVER AND OVER AGAIN. SHE FELT WEAK AND FAINT. "DON'T, GORDON, NOT SO MANY TIMES."

SOMETHING in the phrase awakened Reina's quaint sense for metaphors. Gordon had once said she herself was like a marigold, with her thin body straightness, her hair like bright petals and her attitudes of laughter and freedom and ease. And the sun she loved was the sun of San Francisco, its happy places, its happy, happy people.

"Just what would happen," Reina asked rather slowly, "if you were to put some of those plants back under the pines where the sun couldn't reach them? Would they die?"

"Why, I don't know. I'm not really sure how much they need the bright sun, but I've always thought it was necessary. Perhaps the really strong ones would do quite well, but it would be a risk I shouldn't want to take. I sent all the way east for the seeds."

Reina had lost interest. This was not the answer she had wanted. "Perhaps the really strong ones would do quite well." She had liked the picture of herself as a vivid marigold, languishing in the dark. But analogies had a way of falling flat if you tried to extend them.

"Come on into Weston with me," she suggested suddenly. "I'm going to spend the whole day over glasses of frosted lime juice."

Mrs. Crawford considered, obviously pleased with the invitation and the new air of intimacy it implied. "I might after lunch," she offered hopefully. "Bill is relieving Sampson at the office today, so he'll be home to eat. But you come in now and have a glass of lemonade with me. I have it in the iceless, and it's really cold."

Too hot and languid now even to make a decision for herself, Reina moved around to the gate and followed Mrs. Crawford into the tiny box that was her house, feeling just a shade of foreboding as she mounted the steps. She had not wanted to go into one of these houses. She could not endure any more depression.

But the room was not at all what she had expected. It seemed to receive her radiantly, with little banners of color and a gust of flower scent. Gradually the details identified themselves out of the delightful whole, and Reina knew that the difference was a mere matter of cushions, curtains, a lacquered table, a bright bowl and a profusion of early stocks and a plant in a fernery. She remembered her own bare rooms and felt incompetent and stogy. This was as original and pleasing as some of the smarter studios she had visited, and infinitely more homelike.

She drank the cold lemonade and accepted a second glass, feeling somewhat refreshed though she still could not control the heaviness of her head, the lethargy in every muscle. She appeared to answer Mrs. Crawford's conversation brightly enough but it was mechanical, outside herself.

She heard dimly that Mrs. Crawford had studied for the operatic stage, had already

filled small solo roles before her marriage, and that she sometimes cried when she heard certain songs over the radio if she were alone. That she wanted a baby but Bill was afraid she would die because something had gone fearfully wrong last time. That she adored her husband and realized that his nose was like nothing so much as a new potato. Also that she was afraid of Mr. Sampson because he had caught her, just last week, rolling like an Easter egg down Little Nob and had scowled so fiercely that she had thrown a pine cone after him and accidentally broken his glasses. And that she could hardly wait for cucumbers because she adored them, knew how to make twenty-seven different cucumber salads and often ate them whole, in bed.

The unplanted marigolds were in a damp cloth in the sink. Mrs. Crawford kept sprinkling them, with amazing solicitude for their freshness. "I'm going to give some of these to you. I've really heaps more than I'll want here."

"No, please don't! I'd die before I'd even—I mean, we'll be away before winter and I'm not planting a thing."

"But these will be blooming in six weeks or less, and they'll flower all summer and fall. Don't let me forget to give them to you. Now look at this curtain I'm doing for the kitchen window. Is it awful, or do you love it?"

REINA could scarcely help loving it. Her cry of pleasure rang out. The curtain was of the most transparent yellow, with a splashy patchwork of hollyhocks climbing up.

"Do you think it's too gaudy?"

"It's perfect. I'm fearfully jealous. My kitchen curtains are that leoprous grayish scrim."

"Make some like this. You can do it in an hour or two, and they're quite cheap. Let me see—eighty-nine cents. I think, for the pair, with all the floss complete."

Reina had turned away again. "No, I won't bother, not for such a short while." Mentally, however, she resolved to have some next winter when they were settled at last in San Francisco in their own beautiful little place.

Mrs. Crawford did not drive to Weston with her after all. Reina started up when she heard a shrill, melodious whistling. What on

earth was Gordon doing home at this time of day?

Her feet were weighted as she started home.

Gordon had her in his arms and was kissing her over and over again. She felt weak and faint. "Don't Gordon, not so many times. I adore you, but it's hot!"

He laughed, releasing her. "Got to kiss you a whole lot of times now," he said, "because I won't have another chance for ten whole days."

"Why not? What's the matter?"

Her eyes searched his handsome, deeply bronzed face—so keen, so expressive of life and thought, with such tender smiling creases when he looked at her.

"Nothing wrong, Queen," (she loved this little pet name, derived from her own) "everything right! They're sizing up things for a glorious dam down south, and want me there next week for the first plans. We're going to start just as soon as I'm through with this job. How'll you like pioneering next year? Right out in the wilds?"

Something seemed to crush against her heart. "Is it really so wild there?" she asked dully, not noting his watchful, disappointed eyes.

"This is a metropolis in comparison, if I have the place right. But maybe before we arrive they'll install patent strainers to separate the salamanders from the drinking water, and a municipal zoo for the suppression of stray polecats." He was laughing boyishly, exuberantly again as he plunged into their room for a bag and stuffed a few things into it, still on the move. He could not control his elation. He went into the wash room for a dip in the round tub, and Reina heard him whooping at the cold water.

SHE stood inert against the living room door. She had said nothing. There were no words.

"It's really a swell job," he called. "The biggest yet. Do me a lot of good, Queen. Be glad!"

Reina brushed away furious tears. "Sure," she said, and choked on it.

Then she straightened out his bag, adding handkerchiefs, a soap box, a book or two he'd need. One needn't be an utter baby.

He was gone at last, his train hurtling out of Weston as if it had caught some of his enthusiasm over the new job and was impatient to carry him over the miles.

Reina felt desolate, wretched, bruised from his bear-hugs—and hot! So hot! She climbed into the car and wheeled toward the Pine Valley road. It might be cooler up there. She could come back in the early evening.

Another year, after this interminable one, in a place that might be even worse! More patient neighbors making the best of things that should not be tolerated! No gay little home in the midst of things, its details depicting her own glad love of it all, its threshold always open to high hearted friends! Another year—then what? Others, endlessly? Perhaps by that time she would not care. Why had she not guessed, before she had given up all the beloved things and places? It should have been so plain to her.

Yet Gordon in a San Francisco office, meeting her after work for a ride and dinner at the beach, could not have suggested this earnest mountaineer, eternally in khaki, who chopped kindling and set rat traps as if for recreation.

(Continued on page 188)



POND LILIES

Photo by Eva Hogan.

The Best of The Year's POETRY

Our Judges, Dr. Sherman Brown Neff, University of Utah; Dr. N. A. Pedersen, Utah State Agricultural College; and Dr. Parley A. Christensen, Brigham Young University, selected these three as the three best poems printed in "The Improvement Era" in 1934. Each of the two first poems received first place from one of the judges. The judges expressed the opinion that all of the first fifteen poems were fairly even in quality. We take pleasure in sending to Miss Cole, \$10.00; to Miss Cannon, \$5.00, and to Miss Maring \$3.00 along with our best wishes.

SECOND PLACE

IN A GARDEN

COULD ever spring come sweetly to this place,

And we not know?

Where iris blooms with an especial grace,
And silver birches trail their tender green;
Where in the disk a sickle moon is seen,
And faint winds blow.

Though we are dust a thousand years or more,
The summer rain
Will tell of one place lovely as before;
And grief we knew together will seem small,
And death quite unimportant, after all.
If this remain.

ROSANNAH CANNON



FIRST PLACE

QUESTIONING HELEN

THERE are so many centuries across

From your still dust to my quick pulsing flesh
I cannot hope to profit by your loss
Of what could once a thousand hearts enmesh.
What magic held the love you lightly won
Beyond your wondrous bloom—your promised
faith—

Held thirty armies? Nor are men yet done
Voicing your name to conjure Beauty's wraith.

I only ask the way one love to keep
In spite of telltale footprints of the years—
How to inspire a passion strong and deep
Enough to laugh away these morbid fears
Lest I should lack the charm to make love last;—
Or was it buried with you in the past?

MARGARET JANE COLE



THIRD PLACE

NOTHING IS LOST

THERE is no death for anything that's good;

There is no death for any beauty known.
Nothing is lost within this shady wood—
And water endures, and sky and wind and stone.
There is no death for perfect love; no grief
For any heart that loves beyond the span
Of mere infatuation . . . And the brief
Loveliness of day lives, as does man.

There is no death for any beauty sought—
For music; poesy, and art are long;
And all of life, and all of faith have taught
That echo touches farther than the song.
Each good, each beautiful, each lovely thing
Endures,—and that is why the heart must sing.

HELEN MARING

By SIDNEY B. SPERRY

TRANSLATION ENGLISH

knowledge of Hebrew was concerned, it was that of Palestinian natives. But a thousand years later their descendants, Mormon and Moroni, can scarcely be expected to have had an active speaking knowledge of Egyptian. Their knowledge of Egyptian would probably be limited to a passive reading knowledge of the same. Assuming they could write a species of Egyptian, it would be heavily Hebraized because Hebrew was their native language. In my opinion a few generations following the days of Nephi and Lehi a knowledge of Egyptian was limited to comparatively few of their descendants—mainly scribes and men of good education. It would seem highly probable that "reformed" Egyptian was a species of shorthand, and was made directly from Egyptian in much the same manner as demotic developed from hieratic, or by combining certain features of both the Egyptian and Hebrew alphabets. Others to the contrary, I see few resemblances to either ancient Egyptian or ancient Hebrew characters in the few lines of hieroglyphics copied from the plates and left us by the Prophet Joseph Smith. "None other people knoweth our language." Hence, the need for an inspired translator.

The problem of the Book of Mormon is fundamentally a literary one. If biologists, geologists and scientists generally speaking, who examine certain phases of the Book of Mormon record would keep this fact in mind, much trouble and misapprehension would be averted. The geological, biological, and other phases of the Book of Mormon study are purely secondary to the literary one, viz., Did Joseph Smith translate?

NOW let us proceed to the evidence of translation in the Book of Mormon. First of all let us examine some text of Isaiah quoted in the record. The Nephites brought with them from Jerusalem the Hebrew scriptures of 600 B. C.

including the prophecies of Isaiah, the son of Amoz. The sacred record recognizes no Second or Trito-Isaiah. The Nephites delighted in Isaiah and quoted extensively from him. When Joseph Smith came to these quotations he very wisely followed the authorized version except in points where the record before him differed sufficiently, whereupon he made the appropriate changes to conform to the ancient version. The fact that he made changes is in itself quite remarkable. There is no real evidence that he had at that time been expertly taught about textual criticism, and the history of the Bible text. My own experience has been that very few intelligent people in the Church even today recognize fully the implications that follow from the presence of Isaiah texts in the Book of Mormon. Any Bible scholar knows the text followed by the Authorized version contained corruptions. The text of Isaiah in the Book of Mormon ought, presumably, to reveal a practically uncorrupted text, dating back to at least 600 B. C., in which case we can scientifically check it, at least

in part, by means of the ancient manuscript versions. Incidentally we ought to discover earmarks of real translation on the part of the Prophet.

Let us examine two texts in II Nephi 8 with which compare Isaiah 51. Verse 15 of the Nephite record reads: "But I am the Lord thy God, whose waves roared; the Lord of Hosts is my name." On comparing this rendition with that of the Authorized version, it will be noticed that it omits a whole clause, "that divided the sea" and that it has "my name" for "his name." Why should the Prophet omit a whole clause? Simply because he had a version before him that differed from our present Hebrew, Septuagint (Greek) and Authorized versions. And again, when the Prophet writes "my name" for "his name" he flies in the face of the Hebrew and Authorized versions, but the context and the Septuagint version agree with him. Textual criticism easily explains why the Hebrew reads as it does because of two letters easily confused. The Book of Mormon here hews an independent path as one would expect a really ancient and genuine version to do.

The second text we shall examine in this chapter is Verse 21. It is an especially interesting one. The Book of Mormon reads: "Therefore hear now this, thou afflicted, and drunken, and not with wine." The Authorized version reads similarly with the exception of the last clause where it reads "but" for "and." I personally feel that the Authorized version has the better rendering in question but what is of great interest is that the Prophet has translated *too literally* the equivalent of our present Hebrew text. The Hebrew literally reads: "And not from (or with) wine."

Now to examine a few texts of Isaiah in other chapters. In II Nephi 12:16 (compare Isaiah 2:16) the Prophet prefixes a whole

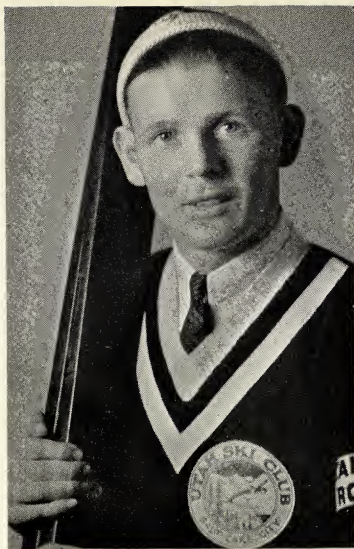
(Continued on page 187)

SIDNEY B. SPERRY, Ph. D.,

associate professor of Religious Education at Brigham Young University, received his degree from the University of Chicago where he did his work in oriental research and languages. After his graduation, he spent some time traveling and studying in Biblical lands. Upon his return home he joined the faculty of Brigham Young University, where he is now engaged. He has made the Book of Mormon one of his chief studies and has become well-known for his lectures upon the subject of its translation.

As is indicated in his article, he has a number of graduate students at work upon the book.

This article ought to be of interest to Latter-day Saints and to all others who have a curiosity about the strangest book ever produced upon the American continent, if not in the entire world.



ALF ENGEN,
WHOSE WINGS ARE CURVED HARDWOOD BOARDS

The HUMAN FALCON

Winter becomes wonderful when one can ride wings of wood as these youthful heroes of the skis can ride them. Mrs. Noall has caught some of the breathlessness of the ride in this story of the sport.

GLISTENING snow! A long, steep, tip-tilted hill! A tiny speck streaks over the brow, and a skier comes into view! Gaining momentum with every inch, he slants down the long dazzling approach! With terrific speed he meets the take-off and with a bounding spring, timed to a split second, Alf Engen, the human falcon, soars into space at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

All motion ceases save his own. The immense throng beneath endures an infinite moment of suspense as he slices the cold, crisp air high above their heads to complete a tremendous arc. Arms circling to catch the hollow of the wind, body bent far forward to greet the angle of descent, skis parallel and perfectly still, at last he clips the hill's incline 247 feet from the jump-off. Down go his knees to receive the blow; up they come, feet well under, body upright, lithe, rhythmic, and in one accord to shoot swiftly forward as he surfaces the snowy apron for a hundred yards or so in a graceful finish.

A hill record! A world's record! But will it be recognized? Skiing is young in Utah and her ski club had not been admitted to the national association in 1931. And this was New Year's day of

that year at Ecker Hill in the heart of the Wasatch Mountains.

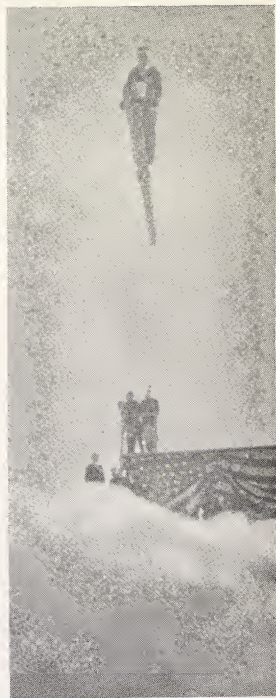
But skiing was not new to Alf Engen. The long boards had first been placed under the feet of this hardy Norseman twenty years before in his native land. "Come Alf," said a famous skiing father to his first-born, "we shall have fun." And fun it was for the two-year-old toddler as he learned to ski. In time Alf's father taught two younger brothers, each in his own turn, to keep a pair of skis under his feet, whether skimming over the snow or while flying through space. This father did well. Alf is one of the world's greatest skiers; Sverre is noted for his remarkable grace and style, and Kaare is an amateur of rare ability.

As a small child Alf learned to follow the dim trails in the long Norwegian twilight and to feel his way over the course in the darkest night. He entered his first tournament at the age of eight. Among his sixty trophies which he won in his native land, are many of the Queen's cups. He was invited to represent Norway in the 1928 Olympics, but illness kept him home. That was his last season in Norway.

When the brothers grew to boyhood the father died. Living, which had been very comfortable and easy, became more and more difficult, and Alf finally left his trophy-filled home in Mjondalen to come to America in the fall of '29. Since then his two brothers have joined him; and finally he sent for his mother. The four of

them are now living together in Salt Lake City.

Form, grace, and style set the standard in Norway for her na-



THE HUMAN FALCON IN FLIGHT

By CLAIRE W. NOALL

tional sport. But in the United States the record's the thing. And does Alf know his records! Adapting himself to the standards of this country he has been outdistancing his own distance since his very first leap here.

His first winter in the United States was spent in Chicago. He met several of his childhood friends from Norway when fourteen skiers gathered from all over the East to compete in the North Central States tournament. Alf made his first appearance at Rochester, Minnesota, where, with neither his own skis nor proper shoes he set a new hill record and placed third in the contest.

One year from then, Alf won his first professional and national championship on the new, but now famous natural incline, Ecker Hill, near Salt Lake City. He had come out from Chicago the year before to test the record-making possibilities of this speedy slide. Finding them even greater than he had anticipated, and liking Utah, too, he chose this state for his own.

It was on January 1, 1931, he made his famous flight of 247 feet at Ecker. Yes, it was recognized as the world's longest official leap, but not until March 14, 1931.

In the meantime Utah was taken into the Western American Winter Sports Association and thus made an official club, and Alf toured the West with a group of skiers. He took first place at all the winter sports carnivals sponsored by the association, and he bested all those who had outjumped him the year before in the north central states. He established new hill records at Ogden, Utah, and at Lake Tahoe, California. On January 29, at Big Pines, near Los Angeles, he jumped to another world's record of 243 feet, the 247 foot jump at Ecker having not yet been recognized.

However, on January 19 of that same year, Birger Ruud of Oslo, Norway, jumped 251 feet, 7 inches, at Odnes hill, near Oslo, but since his jump was not in an official meet, Engen was declared the world's champion in 1931. But Sigmund Ruud, a brother of Birger's is the man whose record

keeps pace with Alf's. Although there is an ocean of distance between the two skiers, their longest leaps differ by inches only. And how those leaps have lengthened! By a nearly equal progression from year to year their spread over the "phantom bridge" has reached almost undreamed of distances.

Of about the same age, the Ruuds and the Engens were near neighbors in Norway. They used to ski together on the same hills. They now hold the center of the international spotlight for the remarkable daring twin jumps of the two Ruuds and of Alf and Sverre Engen, as well as the amazing leaps of



IN EASY FLIGHT
(Photo Courtesy "Tribune")

melting the surface of the slide at the same time a strong wind was ready to set the skiers askew in midair. Eight nationally renowned stars had gathered for official competition, all Norse but one, and all aces. There was Ted Rex from Detroit; Einar Fredbo, Alf and Sverre Engen, from Utah; Sigurd Ulland and Steffan Trogstad from the Mount Shasta Snowman's club in northern California; Halvar (Dynamite) Hvalstad from Big Pines, southern California; and Lars Haugen from St. Paul, Minnesota, the "daddy of them all" and seven time champion. Haugen said nothing could make him try that hill on such a day, but Engen went down a couple of times, and then the meet was called off. Such are the uncertainties controlling official record making.

Then this famous group of shooting stars, led by Alf Engen, started on its 1932 tour of the West. Like the strolling players of old they travel from one giant slide to another, where they entertain thousands of spectators in unequalled fashion. Good sportsmanship is as inbred in them as the love for the sport itself. All pals, they rejoice in each other's successes. There is really no telling when one will outdo another, but so far agile Alf has outjumped them all. On this trip his leap was the longest at every meet until

Alf and Sigmund.

On December 19, Alf had a wonderful workout for the 1932-'33 season at Ecker where he usually practices. The hill, the snow, the wind, and the boy, were in perfect form. Four times Alf trudged up that long hill. Four times he flew down. Over the take-off he went for a 253, a 256, a 264 and a 266 foot span. And only twelve people at the bottom of the hill to see! But M. A. Strand, an official, was there with his steel tape to measure, and the 266 foot jump was the world's longest recorded leap that winter. But across the sea, Sigmund Ruud startled Europe with a 265.75 foot leap at Davos, Switzerland. Just three inches short of Alf's tremendous effort.

On January 1st, the day of the official tournament, just the opposite weather conditions prevailed; the hill was sticky with fresh snow, a bright sun was

the octet reached Homewood Park, near Denver, Colorado. Alf's perilous pinnacle of victory tottered ever so slightly. The skiers met another rough wind. The jumping was so hazardous the meet was called off, and the marks were not officially recognized, but Halvor Halstad spanned 153 feet once off of three trials, while Alf's best effort was 151 feet in five. His first defeat in two years.

Alf outdistanced his octet again in two exhibition meets. Then, Hvalstad took the edge off Alf's victory once more, this time at Ecker. Not that the falcon's wings were clipped; he still made the longest flight, but Hvalstad outpointed him. The 1932 tournament was to close at Ecker with a three-day carnival over Washington's Birthday. On February 21 the unknown quantity again prevailed. A disagreeable wind popped up from nowhere and the meet was called off. The next day the weather was perfect, but Alf not quite so; Hvalstad outjumped him by ten feet. And although Alf outdistanced him by more than half a hundred feet the next day, and established a new hill record of 252 feet, Hvalstad's combined score was higher than Alf's. In one of Hvalstad's jumps he threw his dynamic body forward until it was almost parallel with his skis, a really wonderful sight, and one which gave him high mark for form. Halvor was more than dynamite to Alf in that meet, but did that upset their sportsmanship? Immediately after the contest ended the two joined hands for one of the most remarkable twin flights on record. And Alf was still the champion because of his high record in the earlier meets.

1933 added another long succession of victories to Alf's achievements, and gave him the championship for the third successive year.

The West was not immune to the drouth of 1934. So, since New York had written for Alf to come, he went skiing in the East where he established a new hill record on every slide he tried.

Skiing is one of the most daring and hazardous sports ever tried. Every long jump carries possible death. But, as Alf says, that is probably why they all like it so much. It is the danger that thrills. Many times a seasoned skier will

turn whiter than the snow itself when his turn comes to start down the long slide. But he never fails to start—any one of them would rather turn white than yellow. And once on his way his muscles relax and his whole being responds to the thrill of the ride. Otherwise it may be all off.

Calmar Andreason, a beautiful jumper and Utah's state amateur champion found it so on his second flight over the big take-off at Ecker Hill in 1934. Most amateurs go over a smaller trajectory at Ecker, but there has to be a first time over the big one for all long-distance jumpers. Andreason's initial trial was perfectly essayed. He jumped to the cheers of thousands of fans. But instead of relaxing during the climb for his second flight, his muscles tightened. Nervous apprehension produced a tension which blocked his response to the feel of the jump. His spring was off time and his landing proved to be a fatal fall.

What is it that takes the skier off the jump-off at just the right moment? An almost imperceptible, but nevertheless evident kinesthetic coordination which times the spring at exactly the right moment. It is a matter of feeling far more than calculation. As Engen, himself, says, the skier's feeling is his only guide in taking off.

Only by clearing the knoll and landing on the steepest part of the hill in any long jump from a big take-off can a skier hope to find safety. The precipitous slant breaks the jar and makes an upright position possible, while a landing on the more level knoll at the top of the slant is very apt to spell *finis*.

Alf Engen's most distinguishing feature is the combination of his speed down the runway and his tremendous and beautifully timed spring as his skis leave the take-off. He keeps his weight at 168 pounds in the summer, and then, by reducing to 160 pounds in the winter he feels as buoyant as a rubber ball. He is a good swimmer, and he plays every kind of ball ever thought of. He captains the Viking soccer team in Salt Lake City. Before he went to Utah he played on the Minnesota championship soccer team.

He is friendly and genial, but in his clear blue eyes there is a look of tempered steel. Underlying his extreme modesty is a quiet self-respect and a profound esteem for his profession. He takes no stimulants of any kind, nor does he smoke.

In February, 1934, Alf made one of his longest jumps. After riding gracefully through the air a couple of times he simply electrified his audience with a long spectacular leap. He crouched low—the clear call of the bugle announced his start—with the zip of a released spring down the runway he rode. As he swooped into the air the crowd below could see that this was to be the most magnificent jump they had ever witnessed. On and on he came through the air, until he almost spanned the length of the entire incline. Two hundred eighty-one feet, and a perfect landing!

In April, 1934, Sigmund Ruud arced the ozone for 303.6 feet, in official competition at Czechoslovakia. But in the fall of '34 the trajectory at Ecker was moved farther up the hill to make even longer jumps possible there. And on Christmas day, Alf Engen jumped 296 feet on that hill, but not in an official meet. Some day these two boys might meet each other on the same hill. What an interesting possibility!

"I see the boss is a skier," said a man who was driving a car from out the state, when stopping at Alf Engen's service-station in Salt Lake City, as he looked at some pictures Alf has tacked about his office.

Yes, he runs a filling-station. But I doubt if the man from out of the state knew that the fellow who filled his tank is one of the skiingest skiers in the whole world!

Wind Song

By Cristel Hastings

I WOULD hear a wind song
Go whistling down the lane
And hear the march of raindrops
Against my window-pane!

I would see a tree sway
In the close embrace
Of the sudden north wind,
And love its slender grace.

I would feel the caress
Of spring winds down the lane
And know that eager buds unfold
Even in the rain!

TWO POEMS

By BETH IVINS

The Quest

THERE is a quest that calls me
In nights when I am lone;
The need to ride where the ways
divide

The known from the great unknown.

So I mount what thoughts are near
me,

And soon I reach the place—
The tenuous rim where the seen
grows dim
And the sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind, I have ridden
the sea,

I have ridden the moon and the stars.
I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.

And everywhere through earth and air
My thought speeds lightning shod
Till it comes to a place where, checking
space

It cries—"Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of darkness,
It calls me out of sleep:
"Ride, ride you must to the end of
dust"

It bids, and on I sweep

To the wide outposts of being
Where there is gulf alone—
And thru a vast that never was passed
I have listened for Life's tone.

I have ridden the wind, I have ridden
the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
With chilling breath from the vaults
of death
Over Eternity!

And everywhere is the world laid
bare;
Ether and star and clod,
Only to wind to the brink and find
But the cry—"Beyond lies God."



It calls and ever calls me,
And vainly I reply:
"Fools only ride where the ways divide—
What is the whence and the why?"

But I am lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the
steeps
I find it ever the same.

I have ridden the wind, I have ridden
the stars,
I have ridden the thought that flies
With far intent through the firmament
And each to each allies.

And everywhere that a thought may
dare
To travel, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where,—just beyond lies God.

When

When I love enough,
When I understand Him,
I shall know his beautiful ways
And record them for all the world to
see.

When I care enough
I shall understand what glory really
means.
Just now I do not know,
I only feel a strange, great majesty.

When I shall feel the skies beneath
my feet,
My vision far on dreams
That make my waking day a mirror's
gleam,
And hear my voice communing with
the leaves,

The nesting birds, and flowing rains,
I shall paint music in His name
To issue forth from this, His temple
Made with hands unseen.

TREES OF THE

By C. F. GREEVES-CARPENTER

TREES have long been a blessing to mankind with their health-giving, air-purifying properties, and their beauty, charm and shade have given great pleasure to rich and poor alike.

There are innumerable instances on record of trees living today which were young saplings three thousand years ago, and of these there are many examples in our own land in the redwood forests of California. Then, too, from time to time, parties of geologists have discovered fossilized remains of trees dating back through the ages for thousands of years before the advent of Christ. Many of the trees now standing in Palestine are reputed to be upwards of three thousand years of age, and, of course, as any traveler in the Holy Land will recall, they practically

"I wish that I might never see a poem lovely as a tree," wrote Joyce Kilmer in verse which captured the poetry-loving world—and many individuals who did not know they could love it. Since then—and before, no doubt—there has been great interest in trees.

all have some sacred or historical association or legend.

Many references are made to trees throughout the Bible. Being a simple people, not herded in houses, it is not surprising that our forefathers derived much pleasure from the beauties of Nature. In Genesis we find the first reference to trees: "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food." This is closely followed by a reference to the first clothes for in Gen. 3:7 it states: "they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons."

The word "grove" in the Authorized Version is usually employed to denote a wooden pole or post, but in the Revised Version the word more specifically means a group of living trees.

Abraham was undoubtedly the builder of the first church for in Gen. 22:33 we find that he: "planted a grove in Beer-sheba, and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God." Groves, in the Revised Version, are mentioned as being places in which worship of the true God was conducted, and in this instance tamarisk trees are presumably the principal tree growth. And lest it be thought that the forests of those days were purely peaceful places we are again and again told that "all the beasts of the forest do creep forth."

The forest of Lebanon was in northern Palestine and probably consisted principally of cedar trees. "The house of the forest of Lebanon" was erected by Solomon as a part of his Palace in Jerusalem, the word "palace" denoting either a group of buildings enclosed by an outer wall, or just one

of those buildings. The one to which reference has just been made, was constructed so that it had forest-like rows of the famous Cedars of Lebanon, and "the length thereof was an hundred cubits, and the breadth thereof fifty cubits, and the height thereof thirty cubits, upon four rows of cedar pillars, with cedar beams upon the pillars. And it was covered with cedar above upon the beams, that lay on forty-five pillars, fifteen in a row." Other architectural features of this palace are given in 1 Kings, Ch. 7. The term "cedar," however, was unquestionably loosely employed to denote the entire pine family. That cedar and fir were the woods principally used for building purposes is established in Song 1:17: "The beams of our house are cedar and our rafters of fir."

An interesting fact is that the Hebrews were forbidden to destroy the fruit trees of their enemies in war for "the tree of the field is man's life." (Deut. 20:19, 20.)

The apple is frequently mentioned, but it has not been found possible to identify it definitely with any fruit of our times, so it is probable that the term was used loosely to apply to any of the fruit-bearing trees. It was also used allegorically as in Proverbs 25:11: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." A somewhat amusing element is introduced in Song 2:5 from which the love-sick swains of today may find much material comfort and good health, for it states: "* * comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love."

The Vine of Sodom bears a beautiful fruit somewhat resembling our apple, but it is unedible. The date palm is now rare in Palestine,



BIBLE

but it is common enough in Arabia and Egypt today. There is no doubt, however, but that it was abundant enough in Palestine during Biblical times. In Songs 7:7 "This thy stature is like a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes. I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof; now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples." Frequent reference is made to the fruits of the earth, proving that the poets of those days could find nothing more beautiful with which to compare their loved one's image.

JERICHO was known as the city of palms, but these trees have practically disappeared. At one time, the palm was imprinted on the coins of Palestine. In Psalms 92 we find that "the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," and in Rev. 7:9 we are told that a great multitude stood "before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." For Jesus' triumphant entry into Jerusalem the way was strewn with palms, since which time palm leaves have been used symbolically through the years as an emblem of victory.

Another tree, whose branches are used emblematically to denote peace, is the olive. Throughout the Bible many references are made to this tree; the reference which probably gave rise to its emblematic use is found in Gen. 8:11: "And the dove came into him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf." The oldest olive trees in the world are believed to be at Gethsemane.

The fig tree is indigenous to Syria, though it is now widely cultivated in many parts of the world. There are still groves of fig trees growing on Mount Olivet. So widely was the fig grown that in 1 Kings 4:25 we are told: "And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig tree, from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon."

That the edible quality of the fig was quickly recognized is proved in Num. 13:23, for when Moses sent spies from the wilderness of Paran and "they came unto the brook of Eschol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between them on a staff, and they brought of the pomegranates, and of the figs."

Aaron's rod was made from the almond tree, and the flower of it was the inspiration for the seven-branched candlestick. Almond trees are to be found on the Mount of Olives, and they may be seen mingling their bloom freely with that of the peach trees near Shechem (Nablous).

Citrus trees abound near Jaffa and in many other parts of the Holy Land. The orange, lemon and citron form the fruit used in the Feast of Tabernacles.

Syria, Persia and Egypt have cultivated the pomegranate from ancient times, and many indeed are the references to this fruit and its spiced wine, both of which are still quite popular in the East. The flower and fruit of the pomegranate were selected as a design for the wood carvings in Solomon's temple, as well as for the ornamentation on the high priest's robe.

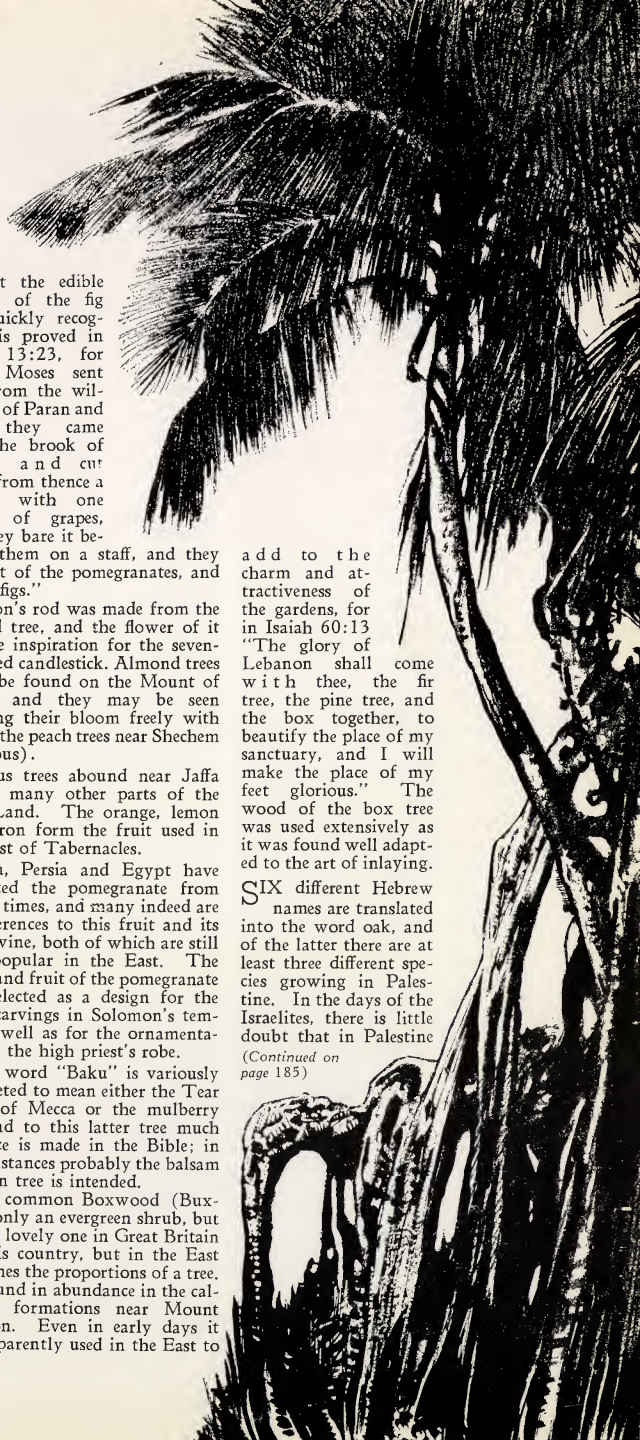
The word "Baku" is variously interpreted to mean either the Tear Shrub of Mecca or the mulberry tree, and to this latter tree much reference is made in the Bible; in some instances probably the balsam or aspen tree is intended.

The common Boxwood (*Buxus*) is only an evergreen shrub, but albeit a lovely one in Great Britain and this country, but in the East it assumes the proportions of a tree. It is found in abundance in the calcareous formations near Mount Lebanon. Even in early days it was apparently used in the East to

add to the charm and attractiveness of the gardens, for in Isaiah 60:13 "The glory of Lebanon shall come with thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious." The wood of the box tree was used extensively as it was found well adapted to the art of inlaying.

SIX different Hebrew names are translated into the word oak, and of the latter there are at least three different species growing in Palestine. In the days of the Israelites, there is little doubt that in Palestine

(Continued on page 185)



THE BOGY MAN OF

By WALLACE F. TORONTO

THE following article appeared a short time ago on a conspicuous page in one of Cape-town's most noted papers, *The Cape Argus*. It was titled in huge letters, "The Bogy Man of Local Batters," and then went on:

"What the perfect try is in rugby and the six boundary hit is to cricket, the home run is to baseball. The Rosebank crowd wakes up with a roar when the ball meets the bat and soars 260 feet over the trees to the other side of the grounds. It is baseball's greatest thrill! And there is one particular person who can always bring that thrill. Both as a hitter and an outstanding pitcher, who would make the grade in any First League Amer-

Several months have passed since this article came to our files. Stan Smith may be ready to leave South Africa, John Max Dalton's successor in the mission has been named, but this article contains material which will interest all those who love the American game and an athlete who can win friends through it on foreign soil.

ican team, "Stan" Smith is the hero of the Rosebank crowd. He is the Bennie Ostler of baseball. . . .

"He is the Bogy Man of all local batters. Not even Charlie Converse, the Cape Town "Babe Ruth," can get hold of the snaking, swerving balls that Smith unleashes. Two Saturdays ago he

struck out twenty batters—they failed to connect with the balls that Smith sent down. Smith, too, can bat and is a champion base-stealer.

"Go to Rosebank some Saturday afternoon. Even if you don't understand the intricacies of baseball, you will be impressed with the efficiency of Smith—those hefty hits, those breath-taking dashes from base to base, and the well-trained, automatic arm that strikes out batter after batter."

"Stan" Smith! Who is this baseball demon, whose picture appears regularly in every South African newspaper and sports magazine? Who is this hero who commands the respect and attention of every sports editor in South Africa? Who is this champion who literally thrills thousands of baseball fans each week?

"Stan is none other than the quiet, smiling, modest, young man, who, almost two years ago on a delightful October evening, bade scores of friends and loved ones goodbye, as he boarded the train which was to speed him towards South Africa. He was leaving as a missionary of the Mormon Church—a young, resourceful, worthy representative of his people—to preach a message which would—change the hearts of men. Some will remember "Stan" as the son of Nicholas G. Smith, the acting Presiding Patriarch of the Church, and the new President of the California Mission. Others will recall him as the steadfast Church worker in the 17th Ward over which his father also presided as bishop. Some will never forget him as a former basketball and track star of the L.



FIELDING K. SMITH

SOUTH AFRICA

D. S. High School. But most of his friends will remember him as the type of Mormon youth of whom they can well be proud, for in his Church work and religious activities, as in athletics, he led out and inspired others to greater goals. And now his fame reaches us from South Africa, not only in athletics, but as an outstanding missionary.

AND what a missionary he is making! "Stan" knows the value of gaining friends, and he knows that the Gospel can be taught on the field as well as from the pulpit. He is adopting the modern means of making friends—and eventually converts, by becoming one with the people. They love baseball and so does he. And he is making the most of this opportunity. His baseball prowess has probably brought the South African mission more publicity, and has placed the name of "Mormon" on more lips than any other single thing. He has, no doubt, done more to shake the cold, unfriendly barriers of distrust and skepticism concerning the Mormons there than any other person, for through his baseball he has moved with ease among the higher social circles and government officials. But more than all of this, he is the friend of more young people, staunch admirers, than any other lad in South Africa. What a mighty influence he can wield! And all through the development of one of his particular talents.

Now what is the meaning of this young missionary's athletic activities in Cape Town? Not long ago the Cape Argus appeared with a full page article, capped with these blazing headlines: "Stan Smith explains Why Americans Took Up Baseball." At the request of the editor "Stan" wrote the article and aside from explaining baseball, took occasion to tell modestly of his own athletic career. He goes on:

"My baseball career began when

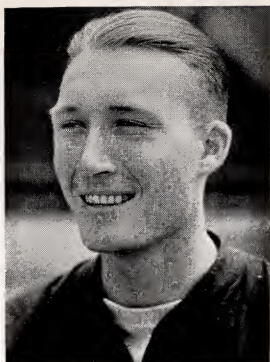
I was a youngster of 15. I was captain of the Lafayette grade school team of Salt Lake City. As I advanced in school I was chosen to play in larger and more important games, and almost before I became aware of it, baseball became one of my regular extra-curricular activities, and instead of playing small, intermural games, I found myself carrying responsibility in interscholastic championship games.

"In Junior High School a disappointment came to me and my advancement in athletics was deterred for two years, for I was forbidden by my doctor from exerting myself in any athletic activity. My heart had been weakened by over-exertion. However, owing to my religious training, I have always been moderate in my habits and have abstained from the use of heart stimulants, such as tea, coffee, tobacco and alcoholic drinks, and my heart became strong again. I have since been able to play the hardest of games such as football, basketball and the greatest of all American games—baseball.

"However, not until I came to South Africa as a Mormon missionary and joined the Cumorah Baseball Club was my pitching prowess discovered by the finest baseball coach in Africa, Don Mack Dalton, the manager of the Cumorah baseball team and the captain of the Western Province nine."

This is only one excerpt from the many articles in which "Stan" by reason of his popularity and exemplary life, has been able to turn the hearts of young admirers to a finer, fuller, happier, physical life, which thing is an initial part of the Gospel. Yes, a beautiful lesson on the Word of Wisdom in a feature story of one of South Africa's leading papers!

IT is interesting to know that the above named coach, Don Mack Dalton, is the young president of the South African Mission. He too has gained a popularity and a



STAN SMITH

trust among the people, which few mission presidents enjoy. He realizes that the progress of the mission depends upon the close contact of his missionaries with the people, and he has learned that the finest way to secure their good will and confidence is to play the game—be one with them. He encourages his missionaries in such activities for he sees the wholesome results which follow.

"Stan" has shaken hands and conversed with South Africa's most noted men. He has been invited into their homes, and has had the opportunity of giving them the message which has offered his own people a richer, fuller life.

And he has played for them on the field. The *Cape Times* pictorial section seems to be voluminous in its photographic records of baseball in South Africa and "Stan's" picture is usually in the center of the page. The February 20th issue prints pictures of Western Province team, and of the fine sportsmen from Natal, which boasts one of the strongest neighboring teams. And on the opposite page are pictures of Prince George during his visit to Africa. These two teams played a spectacular game for the prince in celebration of his visit to Cape Town. But it seems that "Stan" received more newspaper comment than the prince himself—at least on this day. One paper reports the event:

"Saturday's game showed that in 'Stan' Smith, Province has the finest pitcher in the country. None of the Natal batters could flog about his hot deliveries.

(Continued on page 186)

A ROMANCE OF TWO CITIES

By DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

CHAPTER 5

TWO weeks passed on wings of lightning and he had grown desperate. He knew all the City's gates, how and when they were locked and unlocked. He had learned to his utter dismay of the impregnability of those gloomy walls. Equally so were those massive stone Temples. Not once had he found anyone who looked vulnerable to bribery. Of one thing only he was sure, the Festival was not far distant; the streets, the people, the shops all wore an unmistakable air of gayety. Most assuredly the rescue would fail unless he enlisted help, but whom? To attempt to return to Lehi-Nephi was impracticable, for there awaited a fate as uncertain as here. His own companions might even be back in Zarahemla, or nearly so. Ammon's absence and the guard on the wall presaged untold difficulties.

Who was Nana-aha he wondered, and where? He might help—strangely the thought was repellent—if he had not gone to sleep!

"Miserable dolt!" he cried angrily, aloud.

"Where is the miserable dolt?" A voice beside him asked.

He leaped to his feet. Then remembering his appearance he fell back while he eyed with apprehension the woman before him.

"Be not a fool." The command was rapped at him while scornful black eyes swept disdainfully his tattered robe and outstretched hand. "Are you a Nephite?"

She had heard his words and knew him for what he was. Yet careful of passers-by, he answered: "I am."

Something for a fleeting instant replaced the scorn in the black eyes. Was it disgust or sympathy?

"Then you are a spy?"

"I am no spy," he answered, but an uncontrollable desire to confide in someone swept over him. "I will tell you who I am if we may go where we will not be overheard."

She turned instantly and started away.

"Follow me," she said over her shoulder.

From a distance he followed through a maze of streets until they came to a park in which he had slept many times. In an obscure corner she turned half eagerly to him.

"Tell me, who are you and why are you in this City of the Lamanites?"

"First, tell me who you may be."

It was David, Son of Joseph, who gave the command.

"Who I am has no relation to the question," she began, but the defiance in her voice died before the strength of him.

"You are a Nephite?" He motioned to a stone bench.

"I was once a Nephite," she corrected. "Now I am Ruth, wife of Samuel, a Lamanite soldier."

"Do you know Lehi-Nephi?"

"It was once my home—but tell me who are you? Your accent is not that of my people, though you speak the Nephite tongue."

"Do you—" he began, his eyes holding hers, "know a fair slender maid without stain or blemish, called the Daughter of Jared?"

With a cry she sprang up.

"Zena! That could mean none other. Tell me quickly, where is she? Did you bring her here? Is she in danger? Is she in this most miserable of all cities? Is she? Why do you not answer? Do not tell me she has married that cursed

Lamanite and come here to live! Answer! Can you not speak?"

DAVID smiled, a slow, sure smile of content. A friend at last. The vehemence of her curse was sufficient proof of it. Motioning her back to her seat he told her who he was and of his trip to this City—"Shem-lon," she supplied; and of the fruitless days since.

When he had finished she sat staring at the shrubs that screened them from passersby. When she spoke her voice held little hope.

"There is just one person who could get her away—and that one may not be able; but how to get word—let me think—there must be someone—oh, there is! there is—some guards are leaving today for Lehi-Nephi—I know one who will carry a message."

She started away, then turned abruptly and held out some coins.

"Take these, they will help you—if—that person comes I know where to find you. I have watched you many times." She dropped the coins in his hand and looked steadily into his eyes.

"Her God. Our God—the great Jehovah—will aid us."

She was gone and he remembered that he had learned nothing of Lehi-Nephi.

Days passed, seven or eight of them and David burned alternately with hope and despair. Then one evening, as he stood inspecting for the thousandth time the stone wall that surrounded a group of Temples, he heard a voice directly behind him say:

"A wondrous fair beggar." Instantly, his shoulders drooped; he leaned heavily on his cane, then turned and looked about, bewil-

dered. A dry chuckle floated out from somewhere. An eerie feeling crept over him—a voice in his own tongue but where the owner? Back of him was a blank wall; before him an empty court. From behind a pillar of a disused building opposite, a long, lean arm beckoned. He approached it cautiously.

"Alms! Pray merit the blessings of Jehovah by giving to one who is old and feeble. Alms, in mercy's sake!"

The high querulous voice ceased, and David looked with bewilderment on a long, lean, cadaverous figure, stooped so her nose seemed on a level with her abdomen. Snowy white hair straggled from beneath her black head-scarf. Eyes so intense and piercing, he failed to note their color, appraised him.

"Who art thou?" he asked, unconsciously adopting the phraseology used in addressing the Priesthood.

Without answering, she led him to a secluded spot among the ruins; then facing him, continued:

"David, son of Joseph, where is the maid?"

His heart leaped—this must be the one spoken of by Ruth—but how could one so feeble win, when he so stalwart and strong had failed?

"Where is the maid?" she repeated.

His gaze wandered from one tower to another:

"I think here opposite us," he pointed to the one he had been watching. "Perhaps I am wrong."

"Thou art," Bithna answered. "Yonder is where their chief priest lives and victims are kept in the same building."

DAVID looked, and in the center of the group of buildings was one smaller, round and of dazzling white stone. Because of the stone walls he could see only the upper part and even from the distance, the superb workmanship was apparent. The roof was flat and probably ten feet below it a series of apertures, two or three feet in diameter ran around the tower. It looked impregnable. He turned in inquiry to the lean figure. She read his thoughts.

"Years gone by," she volunteered, "when Bithna was young and fair she was familiar with all the details of those buildings. She can lead thee among them when

darkness shall shroud our footsteps. Until then, let us eat and rest."

David followed readily. Having seen the fire in those black eyes, it was easy to believe that once she had been a favorite with Priests and Kings.

MEANWHILE

Zena, within the white Temple, sat alone trying to think. Her heart was heavy, her head whirled.



"INSTANTLY HIS SHOULDERS DROOPEO; HE LEANE HEAVILY ON HIS CANE, THEN TURNED AND LOOKED ABOUT, BEWILDERED. A DRY CHUCKLE FLOATED OUT FROM SOMEWHERE."

She must get away—she must! Her eyes swept the room as they had done every ten minutes during the days she had been here. It was scrupulously clean, and though bare, left nothing to be desired. Her couch of fine textured sapote; its mat of combed goats' hair; the coverlet of finest twined linen; all might have graced a queen's chamber, so might the rugs at her feet, but the over-wrought girl shrank from them in horror. Burial accoutrements they were. Human sacrifice was not new to her, but she had never supposed that the Priests surrounded the victims with such reverence and attention.

There they were now bringing her evening meal. Two virgins in spotless white and a huge guard, naked except for a loin cloth, who opened the door for them and

waited while they spread the tempting array.

Zena eyed it ruefully. After the starvation at home it seemed doubly good. Fruits of rare varieties were there; bright hued and luscious; fowls browned to a nicety, golden cakes of corn and wheat, wine that reflected each lingering beam of light, like jewels brought from the mines above Lehi-Nephi. Suddenly life seemed very sweet to the lonely maiden. Who would comfort Grandmother? She had tasted so much of life's bitters, was she

never to know the sweet? Was she never to know the thrill of love nor the ecstasy of little fingers clinging to her? Was she never to see the "City Beautiful" of her dreams?

Rudely she commanded the virgins to take the food away—get it out of her sight. No, she would not have one mouthful; it would choke her. No, no, no! Discreetly, the Temple Virgins withdrew, leaving the food, and Zena, stepping before an aperture in the wall, looked out. The wall was thick and she could see only a small patch of sky with here and there a star beginning to flick it. Long she stood there, until the blue was changed to black and brightly studded with night's jewels. There came to her, then, the story her Grandfather had told her so many times—that story of a Christ who would redeem all people from death. What was death but a passing into another sphere, a losing of a few trifles here, the gaining of eternity there? Where? Where her grandfather was of a surety. Mayhaps he would be waiting. When the cruel knife fell, it would be to release her to be folded again in his loving arms. If one knew of the Christ, death was not too hard. She would be brave; she would let them know that the Daughter of Jared had courage to face death unflinchingly.

In a high, spiritual elation she turned from the aperture almost happily, and when the Virgins came in later, they found that she had eaten well and was apparently asleep. Softly, they removed the remains of the meal and softly the guard closed the door for the last time. When next he opened it it would be to lead her forth to the sacrifice, adorned and bejeweled in fitting fashion to please the eye of their capricious God.

Zena lay for hours in that state between dreamland and reality and when at last she thought it must be near dawn, she sat up suddenly, every nerve taut. Something was tap-tap-tapping at the wall outside. A night bird, probably—but no—there it came again, tap, tap, tap, tap. Night birds surely didn't peck at stone walls in that fashion. Rising quickly, she went to the opening. The cool night air was nectar to her nostrils, but she could see nothing; there must be clouds, there was the smell of coming rain.

Again the tapping came. Rising to her tip toes, she peered into the night. For a few moments she saw something, then a cloud passed, the moon struggled faintly through. She saw something out there dangling, where nothing had dangled before. Beside her couch was a dainty staff fashioned for the room. Feverishly she grasped it and reaching out, drew in the thing that dangled there. It was a wooden ring as large as a bracelet. She knew it at once. Many times she had seen it hanging from Bithna's neck. It was fastened to the end of a hempen rope. Her heart began to race madly. Her throat was hot and dry. Suffocating with hope, she grasped the rope and gave it a slight pull, wiggling herself as far as she could into the hole.

ALMOST instantly she heard a slight whistle—Bithna again; what qualities her amazing voice had. Presently it came again, scarcely louder than the sighing of the wind which was rapidly gaining momentum.

"Make ready," it said.

That was all, but she understood. Slipping back into the room, she tied the rope securely under her arms, then grasped it with both hands. It was rough and harsh. She then climbed into the opening, arms first. Go through that she would. They would have to pull hard—hard. Three times she jerked sharply, then slowly, almost imperceptibly the slack was taken up and she felt a tug on her body. Her feet waved wildly in the room—her face was even with the outer wall. She looked about wildly and smothered a cry. Below her the pavement threatened, above she could see nothing. For one wild moment she thought of creeping back, but that pulling was relentless. Now the sharp stone cut her shoulders. Now her feet, firm in the wall involuntarily gave her a surge forward, now they flung wildly about seeking a hold and the sudden strain and jerk made her wince—the rope—how it cut through her garments. For one instant she seemed to be dropping dizzily but she was again being drawn slowly upward. The rough strands made her hands bleed and if she could only for one breath ease the strain on her chest. She looked about; a guard passed

beneath—Oh fool, fool, why had she not thrown her dark mantle over her dress? He paused and looked upward. At the same instant, there came a blast of wind and a few raindrops spattered against the stone wall. A cloud obscured everything. A few seconds, though it seemed an eternity, and strong arms leaned over the stone parapet and lifted her bodily onto the roof.

"Quick," she whispered frantically. "The guard! I fear he saw me."

Without a word, a lithe figure with one deft movement freed her of the rope.

"Come," Bithna was already hurrying down a steep, narrow stairway. In a short minute, they were in the Court hugging close to overshadowing walls. Suddenly a hound bayed. Forsaking the shadow, Bithna darted across dangerous space to the shadow of another building. At the door a guard challenged. With a mighty leap, David was upon him and the two rolled together. Bithna hurried Zena along without pause for breath. A second or two and they entered another stairway going down its length in two breaths, it seemed to Zena, who was hard pressed to keep up with the old hag. Then straight ahead into darkness. There came a patter at her side and David cried:

"Haste! They follow us."

Haste! How they ran. The darkness and the damp fetid air closing about them and pulling back at their limbs. Haste, but limbs were beginning to lag and lungs to cry out. There grew a pounding in their ears, louder, louder.

Suddenly there came another sound, which grew and grew until the blood seemed to congeal in their veins.

"The hounds," Bithna cried.

"We are lost," Zena cried bitterly, but David only drew her swiftly after him. The sound grew and reverberated terrifyingly through the low narrow passage.

"I might manage one," David breathed, but Bithna stopped.

"Take the maiden. Bithna will stop them."

"No, no," David started to protest, but she pushed him savagely forward.

"Make haste—make haste."

An instant and they were swallowed by the blackness.

Bithna drew from her robe a tiny vial and with its contents smeared lavishly at face, hands, and fingers, then she walked slowly after the others, looking over her shoulders.

The other two rushed on, Zena was scarcely conscious of her feet moving. She seemed drawn by an irresistible force. Only the roaring in her ears was real, and that something that held to her and refused to let her stop even when she could not go another step. The noise in her head grew louder until it killed even her thoughts. The pain on her chest grew heavier, pushing her down, down, until she crumpled in a heap. Then strong arms raised her and went on; now far off there grew a beam of light that drew near with maddening deliberation. Would they never reach it? The air became lighter, sweeter. They drew in great gulps of it that sent new life tingling through their veins.

When Zena opened her weary eyes they were ascending a flight of steps, and a sky dull and heavy and already streaked with the coming day, opened to their vision. The wind was heavy with rain and struck their heated bodies with icy fingers. They were in the midst of a pile of rocks hidden in a grove of shrubs and vines.

Releasing her, David grasped her hand and with such speed as their tired limbs could command, hurried to the southwest where the forest hung heavily outlined. By the time they reached it, day had broken and they sought shelter among a mass of rocks and green growth. Again Zena dropped exhausted. For some minutes she lay quiet, then with returning strength came curiosity. Who had lifted her over the parapet and carried her all those hours, or were they minutes, in that inky pit? She sat up eagerly.

SHE saw a strange sight and David wondered why she shrank back.

"Are you a—*a Lamanite?*" she asked, puzzled.

Laughing quietly he disappeared. When he returned, her eyes widened. His hair was smooth and shining. From his body he had washed all the dirt and some of the stain while his clothes were

smoothed into a semblance of order.

Confused, she arose.

"A Nephite?" she questioned.

"A Nephite," he answered, smiling, "from Zarahemla."

"From Zarahemla." She clasped her hands before her and her breath came quickly—"Tell me quickly how you came to be here?"

"I came with Ammon and his brothers. They were commissioned by our King Mosiah to find the remnant of our people who left there so many years ago."

"Where are the others?"

"I left them without the walls of Lehi-Nephi."

Zena's face paled. She took her head between her hands.

"Soldiers! Soldiers!" she whispered, "come to lead us to peace and safety at last, oh, blessed Jehovah, at last!" She sank to her knees, sobbing with joy and thanksgiving. David regarded her in doubt.

"Soldiers, yea," he answered, "but where is their leader? He had been gone many hours when I found you. We knew not where he went or who had taken him."

"Fear not for them," she cried happily. "The day I was stolen, Nana-aha, the chief guard, had the gates thrown open so the Nephites could go in and out as they pleased. A strange and unheard of proceeding to come from him; but doubtless an act of Jehovah to open the way for Ammon to get into the city undetected by the Lamanite. Blessed Jehovah!" She rocked back and forth and sobbed quietly.

"Thy mercy had intervened. We have paid the debt. We shall be free." Suddenly she rose and turned to him. "Do you know how we have suffered and starved? Do you know how we have borne their cruelties and injustices? Do you know there are little ones in that City who never heard of food enough to satisfy hunger? Now I shall live to see the City Beautiful—to walk its streets—to enter its Temple."

David helped her to her feet and drew her near him. What a pity to disillusion one so fair. He wondered if he had ever seen one half so beautiful.

"Do not hope too much," he chided gently. "There are only sixteen of us and there are hordes of Lamanites."

"Do not fear; Jehovah has sent them and we shall be delivered." Then conscious that he still held

her she drew back and said shyly:

"I have not thanked you for delivering me, nor have you told me how you found Bithna. What a wonder she is."

"A wonder truly," he answered, "for one so aged—she let them destroy her to save us."

"Bithna is safe," Zena answered; "no earthly thing can kill her; she is master of so many tricks and arts. She will come. 'Tis not the first time she has been in danger. The Lamanites all fear her."

DAVID was not so sure. Doubtless this slip of a maid did not realize the danger they had been in. What marvelous eyes she had. The sky had been that color the night he had seen the hill before Lehi-Nephi; and her hair—he drew a bag of corn from his clothes and offered her some.

"Eat and rest," he said, "for we must travel quickly lest the Lamanites follow. Think you, you can find the way back to Lehi-Nephi?"

"Bithna will lead us back," she answered easily, but sitting on a rock she munched dry corn and told him of conditions in the city and events leading up to her abduction by Nabor. When they had eaten their portion he replaced the bag. As he did so, a white ribbon slipped through his fingers to the grass. Zena stared but he quickly replaced it. Both flushed and an awkward silence held their tongues. It was broken only when Bithna appeared suddenly before them, quite like her usual self.

Zena embraced her joyfully. David stared.

"Thou here?" he ejaculated.

She chuckled delightedly.

"Bithna has great powers. Even the Gods—" but Zena stamped her foot angrily—"Do not blaspheme," she cried.

Again Bithna chuckled, then eyed each of them.

"We must make haste for this day but one we must be in Lehi-Nephi."

"Will the Lamanites follow us?" Zena asked anxiously.

"Me thinks not," the witch answered, her seared old face lighting.

"Then why must we hurry, Witch-mother?"

Slowly and distinctly Bithna said; "We must trust not the Lamanites, but in one day more, un-

(Continued on page 186)

PROBABLY IT'S YOUR LEGS

By

CLARENCE
H. PAY

SO they dubbed him Legs—simply because the lower two-thirds of his long, thin lankiness was all too apparently given over to those Ichabod attributes. And the name had stuck. Legs he was, or soon became, wherever he went.

It wasn't so much the name itself that bothered him—that had come as a natural consequence—as it was the carefree insinuations that fretted him so unmercifully and that, rather than his long length, made him feel so gawkishly ungainly.

As time had passed, his warm, sunny disposition had gradually faded, leaving him moodish and cold; and finally, as a last dismal effort to avoid this distasteful condition, he had withdrawn himself from his usual connections into a little microcosm of his own, so impregably bulwarked on all sides with a biting sarcasm of such vehement velocity that even his closest friends left him, for the most part, entirely alone.

As these avenues of social contact had grown less and less, he had become more and more interested in books, until it was they that seemed to fill all of his leisure time with a quality of intellectual enrichment that may have made him the leading scholar of the school. It was undoubtedly the factor which, during school hours, brought him into such close association with Tommy Jones, Tommy the indomitable, who candidly considered himself to be the one supreme appeal to all femininity.

On that Friday afternoon Tommy breezed into the "chem. lab." exactly half an hour late (Tommy was always exactly half an hour late—if he wasn't more—and he always breezed, regardless of how casually he might have loitered in the halls or loquaciously idled on the campus) breezed importantly over to desk number 12 and stopped stalk still in unaffected amazement. Legs was not there! And that was unusual. Why he was always there! But today he wasn't!



IS THE SECOND EXTRA ALL RIGHT, RULONT

Tommy's air of importance withered; his breeze sighed into a zephyr. He leaned indolently against the desk and looked lazily around the room. Everyone was occupied.

At last, to overcome that sense of tedious expectancy that possessed him, he pulled out a rack of test tubes and set himself to the

very unessential task of repolishing them. That was as far as his knowledge of chemistry carried him.

Presently the office door squeaked open, and a self-conscious Legs crossed to his desk and jerked the manual Tommy had opened into its accustomed place.

"A little salt. It may be labeled NaCl, or else table salt. Get a large test tube full." Legs twisted the handle of the desk tap, squirting the flask half full of water.

"Table salt? Are you sure that's the kind?" Tommy looked up questioningly.

"Surely. Why not?" Legs shook the flask industriously.

"Oh, I just thought it might be one of those high-classed salts—sulphates, or hydroxides, or something like that. You know the kind I mean." Tommy checked along the line of test tubes, endeavoring to detect the cleanest.

"Just good old-fashioned, common-ordinary, table salt." Legs poured the water from the flask. He simply couldn't see how any individual could be such a wow with the ladies and still have such a small amount of intellect. "And don't get epsom salts. There's a difference."

AT exactly 2:32 that afternoon Legs allowed the last drop of acid to slide down the tube of the funnel.

"Well, that's that." Legs turned to Tommy, who had been watching the simple experiment with apparently absorbed interest, the apparently referred directly to the experiment—the absorbed to Jane—Jane, his latest infection. And to think that right now she was out there in the hall waiting for him while he was industriously watching water bubble.

Hurriedly, as his partner left to report, Tommy jumbled the dirty apparatus in the desk unwashed and left the room, fervidly wishing he had no report to make.

He was back again in a few minutes bringing a radiant Jane with him.

"Oh, isn't it magnificent!" she gaped admiringly. "So many desks, so large, so clean. Oh! It's just too grand!"

"Yes, it is. You know Chem. is my best subject." He didn't suggest the reason therefor might be his partner. Some things are better unsuggested.

"I imagine I'd just love to take it myself. Maybe I shall." She bit her lip reflectively.

"Gosh! I wish you would! It surely would make a paradise out of this place. Like to see my desk. It's number twelve."

She smiled coily up at him. "Tommy, you say just the sweetest

things in the world. Of course, I'd be delighted."

He guided her gracefully to the place designated, praying the while that he had inadvertently cleaned the mess up a little. He hadn't. It was just as he had left it, with the old dirty mop prominently displayed at the center and background by little daubs of puddling water.

Tommy smiled undismayed. "Gosh, this desk sure is a mess. My partner always reports first and I have all of the cleaning up to do. And today I was just so thrilled and worried over you that I clean forgot all about it." He grabbed the rag and gave it three or four energetic sweeps, leaving the desk a sparkling array of water crystals.

"Oh! Isn't this . . ."

"Everything's O. K. Just read your discussion." Legs slipped a neatly folded apron in the desk. His face set sternly.

"Say! Why didn't you wash this stuff!" He whirled on Tommy resentfully and found himself looking into the loveliest pair of black eyes he had ever seen.

His mouth gaped open in undisguised admiration and surprise. The blood throbbled at his temples, flooding his face a most brilliant crimson. Everything became strangely blurred—strangely chaotic.

"Miss Lovelace, my partner, Mr. Rulon Bolton."

"Rulon Bolton," she murmured the name lingeringly. "You're not the Rulon Bolton whose name heads all of the scholastic records. You must be awfully smart."

HE gaped frantically for something witty to say. "I—I guess I'm he all right, b-but I'll bet I'm not half so smart as you." He blushed even more violently than ever and could feel the perspiration standing out on his forehead in huge drops. His hands became two big red hams; his legs a couple of long, spindly telegraph poles. His whole being, in fact, took on a most grotesque gawkiness.

"Excuse me, folks." And in a manner well-known to every superior cavalier Tommy bowed his exit.

Left entirely to themselves, both seemed tentatively at a loss as to just what to say. The girl looked around the room as one enraptured—the boy studied his feet as one decidedly disenchanted and toed a few grains of spilled salt restlessly.

Jane sighed beautifully—she always sighed beautifully. "Isn't this chemistry laboratory just too wonderful. It's the grandest I've ever seen."

"Uh-huh. It—it surely is." He fingered a couple of books nervously. "I—I guess I'd better be going. I—a—I've a lot of work to do tonight." He paused awkwardly. "I—a—I'm awfully glad to have met you—a—Miss Jane."

And the girl smiled softly to herself as he stalked clumsily away.

For Legs the following few weeks were an ordeal nearly overwhelming in their complications—complications produced by an ungovernable pair of size number tens-and-a-halves in league with an unmanageable pair of three-foot legs. But through the united efforts of the Elite School of Dancing and his sister, Mary, Legs had finally coerced those complications into a state of culture essential to the attending of his first dance.

On that primal occasion Tommy espied an indecisive, fear-restrained Legs, clapped a bonily substantial back and greeted cordially. "Well, for all that's cryin' out loud, Strike me dead. Goin' to give 'em a treat."

"Gosh, how I'd like to. But every time I get to the point of doing and daring, I get so jittery I shiver."

"Aw, you'll get over that all right. It's just beginner's luck—or rather complaint. We all have it the first two or three times and then—Presto!" Tommy waved expansively, ogled a passing girl, held up one finger provisionally, made it two and smiled his approval. Legs watched covetously. "W-where's Jane?" he asked, a tell-tale flush spreading over his features. "I—a—I thought you always brought her."

"Oh, the football captain beat me to her this time, but never again." A little feeling of sympathy for this big awkward blunderer stole over him. Why did Legs have to go and fall for her? He had just about as much chance in that direction as some chicken of getting a permanent wave.

DURING a surge of irresistible longings, Legs suddenly found himself the member of a swarming hive of young, smiling, vying males, each endeavoring in his own peculiar fashion to gain the

(Continued on page 184)

Poetry



In the Spring

By Grace C. Jacobson

MY heart is filled with gladness
In the Spring.
Avant my thoughts of sadness
In the Spring
Then the birds and humming bees
And the blossom-laden trees
Waft their fragrance on the breeze
In the Spring.

The thrill of green things growing
In the Spring.
The rippling streamlets flowing
In the Spring;
Then the lilac buds are swelling
And the hycinths are smelling
Underneath the robins' dwelling
In the Spring.

The meadow lark is singing
In the Spring
Its melody goes winging
In the Spring.
I am captive to its sweetness
And I marvel at its fleetness
And the joy of its completeness
In the Spring.

The world is full of glory
In the Spring.
The earth repeats its story
In the Spring.
And its lovely tapestry
In the mold of symmetry
Is a hidden mystery
In the Spring.

Lights

By Cristel Hastings

I LOVE lights that shine through rain.
Candle-glow through window-pane—
Stars that etch the silvered way,
Moonbeams playing on the bay!

I love lights that quiver through
Trees that are a shadowed blue—
Fireflies that seek the skies—
And the light deep in your eyes!

Sweetness

By Quinn La Mar

SWEETNESS lies in the simple thing—
Green of wood—breath of spring.
Through the coolness of the morn
Daylight breaks—day is born.
Rustling leaves are whispering stories
Tell of fairyland and glories.
Crinkled sunlight, dainty too,
Slips by leaves and branches new.
Casts fantastic patterns 'round
Printing lace work on the ground.
Sweetness lies in the simple thing—
Green of wood—breath of spring.

Vignette

By Lois Anderson

THERE'S a red flamingo flying
With a long, hoarse cry.
There's a moon above the marshes.
And the clouds drift by . . .
The silver moon is silent.
And the grasses nod—
But the red bird keeps on crying
His loneliness to God.

China Cups

By Helen Candland

HE sent to me six fragile China cups
Curiously carved with oriental signs.
And when they came,
Five of the six were broken.

I cried that I demanded all
The delicate, cool beauty that now lay
Shattered so unfairly,
So unlike the pattern art intended.

Poor stupid me—I little guessed
My life, planned to the high perfection
of those cups,
Would lie in ruins at my feet.
Like so much crushed porcelain.

None but the gods possess more than one
flawless hour—
Salute the Fates if you but see
One single perfect model, and so may guess
A little what the rest might be.



Photo by Eva Hogan
"DECEMBER SNOWS, 1934"

Companioned

By Gertrude Hood McCarthy

LONELY
Sometimes! But as
I think of others who
Are struggling on a lone way too,
I quickly realize
That I am not
Alone.

Duty

By Phyllis Mendenhall

I CANNOT do the great things,
That I should like to do
To make the earth forever fair;
The sky forever blue,
But I can do the small things
That help to make life sweet.
Though clouds arise to fill the skies,
And roughest tempests beat.

Bryce Canyon (In Utah)

By Jane Rawlins Sheean

WITH God in vigil, splendors here
converge
In floods of senna color wave on wave.
A special rapture lifts an architrave
And casement filigree in upward surge
While we half hear a lonely cadence urge
A memory of vanished chief and brave
In tribute voiced in this majestic nave
Where soul with rhapsody must deeply
merge.

Immortal sunset carved within a stone,
You nurtured well the faith of young
Pitue:
Then dawns of hope above his mountain
shone
Or Pleiads gave him song, now heard, now
mute—
Today, though silence rules that overtone
Yet Bryce still moves a heart with grand-
deur's lute.

With wistfulness the wings of mellow
charm
Expand from pine-green floor to airy
dome.
As if to cross the years and touch a home
Where red men were allowed to dance and
swarm
Like bees about a hive without alarm.
They cherished there a canyon polychrome
Of Nature's light within a living tome
Where valiant faith might save tepees from
harm.

O hear a song of drifting birch canoe,
Like voices which repeat a far-off strain!
For joy may rise above a hate's taboo,
And live beyond a will which would pro-
fane

A banished glory keeping rendezvous
With loveliness in sun or driving rain.

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

DAVID COPPERFIELD (M. G. M.): One wishes that Dickens himself might see this production—which tells the whole story. David is so true and appealing he becomes real! Edna May Oliver brings Betsy Trotwood to life; Frank Lawton as David-grown-up and Hugh Williams as Steerforth give an English sincerity to their characterizations most convincing. The settings, atmosphere, direction, acting—all unite to demand the one verdict—perfect, for everyone.

LIVES OF A BENJAL LANCER (Para.): Brimming with color, movement, excitement and daring, the story tells of the sacrifice of two British officers for the son of their commander who placed loyalty above all. *Adults and Young People.*

THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD (Univ.): A daring and timely theme—that of the guilt of private interests in bringing war to pass—is given a remarkable presentation. Though somber, the play is thought-provoking and entertaining in the deepest sense of the word. *Adults and Young People.*

DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR (Warner): Story with the background of the Air Service, with thrilling formations, target work, use of bombs and smoke screens and dedicated to the courage of the daring air pilots of the Navy. *Family.*

LIFE RETURNS (Univ.): The picturization of experiments which bring back a dog after life apparently has left is made without gruesome starkness which might be expected. Different and interesting for *Family.*

MANLOCK (Fox): A simple, elemental story of toil and heroism in the digging of a tunnel under the East River in New York. Lightly sketched in places, it will be of particular interest to men and boys, but should be to all *Adults and Young People.*

WINGS IN THE DARK (Para.): Aviation drama, with several unique features, including a romance between a girl flyer and a blinded aviator. *Family.*

GILDED LILY (Para): Fresh, sparkling comedy, with real people moving naturally through clever, convincing scenes. Crisp dialogue, excellent characterizations. *Family.*

MILLS OF THE GODS (Col.): Story of a rich, dominant old woman fighting to keep open the mills on which a thousand men depend for a living. *Family.*

NORTH SHORE (Warner): A picture to appeal to lovers of horses. The training and riding of them makes most of the story, with society folk, comedy and intrigue coming in for a share. *Adults and Young People.*

THE members of the "Era" staff view and evaluate pictures in all possible cases. When this cannot be done, the estimates of groups of people organized for this especial purpose are taken. The groups previewing pictures and presenting representative opinions are: Nat'l Daughters of the American Revolution; Nat'l Society New England Women; Gen. Federation Women's Clubs; California Congress of Parents and Teachers; Nat'l Council Jewish Women; Women's University Club.

They indicate audience classifications as follows: Children—up to 14 years; Adolescents—up to 18 years; Young People—18 to 25 years; Adults—over 25 years. The advice of these committees, and the "Era," is: "Select your pictures. Go to those you know are of fine type. Stay away from those that you know are trashy or objectionable. Your admission ticket is a definite contribution toward setting standards of production."

ONE HOUR LATE (Para.): Quietly moving but interesting story of office employees and romantic complications, with exciting climax in which a stalled elevator changes the lives of four people. *Adults.*

ONLY EIGHT HOURS (M. G. M.): Whirl and eddy of life in a great city hospital. *Adults.*

STRANGE WIVES (Univ.): Amusing domestic comedy, in which an impoverished Russian family of aristocrats descends unexpectedly upon a young American business man, and he turns the tables and saves the day. Not too much sense, but good fun. *Adults and Young People.*

MUSIC IN THE AIR (Fox): Light, pleasant musical comedy set against the lovely Bavarian mountains; the story deals with the efforts of some simple country musicians to find a place in opera. *Family.*

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG (M. G. M.): Amusing comedy of Vienna in the '80's, which is delightful to those who do not take movies seriously. *Family.*

THE BEST MAN WINS (Col.): Excellent under-water photography and good suspense in a thrilling action picture of deep sea divers and jewel smugglers. *Family.*

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS (Fox): The astute Chinese detective with a more difficult and dangerous task than

usual. Good mystery melodrama. *Adults and Young People.*

A NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN (Univ.): Good mystery in which criminal lawyer commits what he thinks is the perfect crime. Well contrived and acted. *Adults and Young People.*

THE WHITE COCKATOO (Warner): The heirs to an old French estate are involved in a confused criss-cross of mistaken identities and strange situations which finally lead to romance and justice. *Adults and Young People.*

POWER (Gaumont-British): Production lifted above average by notable acting. Somber throughout, but of interest to those who will overlook technical production faults for the sake of dramatic content, fine meanings and intelligent treatment. *Adults.*

THE BAND PLAYS ON (M. G. M.): Entertaining college picture which far surpasses most of the other football pictures. Human insight, understanding direction, ethical values and a capable cast create an excellent film for *Family.*

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN (R. K. O.): A pleasantly idealistic tale with a good cry and a good laugh every few minutes. *Family.*

BORDERTOWN (Warner): Realistic drama of heart-breaking struggle of young Mexican to rise above poor environment. Racial differences and ambitions supply food for thought. *Adults.*

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS (M. G. M.): Flimsily developed plot with flippant dialogue, trained comedy efforts and glaring inconsistencies that strike an artificial note throughout. Poor subject matter, unethical slant and scenes in questionable taste make it a matter of greater regret that the cast is bound to attract large audiences. Strictly mature, and not recommended even at that.

HERE IS MY HEART (Para.): Charming comedy romance of rich young radio artist who finds the realization of his dreams. *Family.*

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES (Para.): During a crisis in government the President of the United States arranges a dramatic disappearance to thwart the war propaganda of big business profiteers. Strongly dramatic and commendably presented picture. *Family.*

SWEET ADELIN (Warners): Elaborate musical production, with delightful love-story running through, which carries a young singer from her job as waitress to days as a famous star on Broadway. *Family.*

HOW, WHEN AND WHY BOYS BEGIN THE USE OF TOBACCO

By JAMES JENSEN

Head of Science Department of the
Box Elder High School and Scout
Commissioner of Box Elder
District.

WHEN and how do our boys begin the use of tobacco? What is the sincere opinion of the average boy regarding tobacco and what is his attitude toward its use? Answers to these questions would furnish a logical basis for working out a solution to our present problems with reference to the use of the plant in its various forms by minors.

The foregoing questions were answered in the form of a questionnaire by three hundred twenty-nine boys in eight junior high schools. Normal progress would place the boys in an age group of twelve to fifteen years although retardation might bring older boys into the group. In order not to incriminate anyone and to encourage honesty the boys were requested not to sign their names and were given opportunity to answer the questionnaires in privacy.

Of the 329 boys participating in the investigation all but 45, or 86.3 per cent had used tobacco in some of its forms. Of these 284 boys, 150 had first tampered with tobacco substitutes including coffee, cedar bark, dry leaves, rope, dry corn silk, and reed. Two hundred sixty-eight boys had used tobacco in the form of cigarettes, cigars, or pipe. Thirty-five had used chewing tobacco and one had used snuff. The cigarette was by far the most common form used.

The natural antipathy of the normal mind against those things against which the intolerant physical body rebels is indicated by the finding that out of the 284 who had used tobacco all but 60 claimed to have discontinued using it. How fine it would be if these could be constantly protected against the



AS ONE MALAD BOY SEES TOBACCO

temptations to take "just one more." The sixty who were still using tobacco constituted 21.1 per cent of all the boys who answered the questionnaire and suggests that 18.2 of all the youths who had tampered with the weed had formed more or less of a habit.

All but four claimed to have received instructions against the use of tobacco which resulted in causing the 45 boys not to begin, helping 224 others to discontinue its use, as against 53 who reported no effects whatever, 2 who had not previously used it beginning from mere curiosity and one who reported that it made him assert his personality by making him smoke more than ever before.

While the home received credit for giving instructions concerning tobacco to all except a few, only 179, or 54 per cent, claimed to have received such instruction from the schools and only 18.5 per cent from the Church. It is a well known fact that all children receive instructions in our schools against the use of tobacco and that

such teaching is emphasized by the dominant church to which the greater number of boys belonged. The failure of 45.6% of the boys to credit the schools, and of 81.5% of them to credit the Church with giving such instruction may be accounted for by the results of the investigation into the age at which the boys began to use tobacco. The ages and the number beginning at each age follows:

Age No.	Age No.	Age No.
4.....2	8.....27	12.....45
5.....7	9.....22	13.....11
6.....17	10.....69	14.....12
7.....19	11.....28	15.....5

Twenty did not report to this question but for the remainder the median age at which they first used tobacco at 10.6 years includes 54% of all of them in the ages 10, 11 and 12.

Is it not quite possible that instruction intended to protect the youth comes after he has been persuaded to indulge. Is it not also true that far too often such instruction in the home coming after the boy has been caught is in the form of punishment or filling the mind with fear rather than instilling ideals of physical and mental vigor and true manhood?

INFORMATION concerning the effects of tobacco upon the body are given by many of our high schools in courses of personal hygiene or of physiology and hygiene. The following are quotations from eminent authorities as given in Fisher and Fiske's "How to Live," which is widely used as a reference work:

"Only half as many smokers as non-smokers are successful in the tryouts for football squads."—Dr. Pack.

"In the case of able-bodied men smoking is associated with a loss of lung capacity amounting to practically 10 per cent."

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HERE IS AN APPROPRIATE ASH TRAY



... "BUT every athletic trainer observes that the use of tobacco lessens physical fitness. The ordinary smoker is unconscious of this and often denies it. He sometimes says, 'I'll stop smoking when I find it hurting me; it doesn't hurt me now.' The delusive impression that one is well may continue long after something has been lost from the fitness of the body, just as the teeth do not ache until the decay has gone far enough to reach the nerve."

"At Yale and Amherst it has been found, by actual measurement, that students not using tobacco during the college course had gained over the users of tobacco in weight, height, growth of chest, and lung capacity."

"Professor Lombard, of the University of Michigan, finds that tobacco lessens the power of the voluntary muscles, presumably because of the depressing effect on the central nervous system. There is also much experimental evidence to show that tobacco in animals induces arterial changes. The present well-marked upward trend of mortality from diseases of the arteries offers a good reason for heeding such evidence and taking the safe side in every controversy regarding it."

... "But recent painstaking experiments by high authorities have shown the presence of nico-

BECAUSE

EVERY time a man or woman uses it he or she will realize that life, in all probability, is being threatened. We present this testimony from the book, "How To Live," by Irving Fisher, professor of political economy, Yale University, and Eugene Lyman Fish, M. D., medical director of the Life Extension Institute. In the tenth statement under their summary these men say: "The poetic effusions of the lovers of the weed are no safer guide than the exaggerated and intemperate denunciations of people who have idiosyncrasies against tobacco and simply hate it," therefore, we take it that in these statements, these men have taken a moderate and temperate course.

tin in tobacco smoke, and when we reflect that there is sometimes sufficient nicotine in an ordinary cigar to kill two men, it is not strange that enough of it may be absorbed from the smoke passing over the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and lungs to produce a distinct physiological effect."

... "Nicotin causes brief stim-

ulation of brain and spinal cord, followed by depression. . . The stimulating effect on the brain is so brief that tobacco cannot properly be termed a stimulant. . . . That a sound healthy man, who has never been accustomed to the use of tobacco, can do better mental or physical work with tobacco than without it has never been shown. Indeed, such experiments as have been made on stu-

dents and others show to the contrary."

"The greatest loss, in these experiments, occurred with cigarettes. . . . Dr. W. J. Mayo calls attention to the fact that according to his observations research scholars who smoke cigarettes have not done well."

"In experiments on animals nicotine extracts from tobacco and inhalation of tobacco smoke have produced hardening of the large arteries. Clinical observation by some of the world's best authorities indicates that the same conditions are brought about in man by heavy smoking."

"Blindness or tobacco amblyopia, a form of neuritis, is not an uncommon affection among smokers. There is also often an irritant effect on the mucous membranes of eyes from the direct effect of the smoke."

"Catarrhal conditions of the nose, throat, and ear have also been noted.

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Editorial



Y. M. M. I. A. General Superintendent and First Assistant

ATTORNEY ALBERT E. BOWEN, a former member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, has been appointed Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association to succeed Elder George Albert Smith, a member of the Council of the



SUPERINTENDENT A. E. BOWEN



FIRST ASSISTANT GEO. Q. MORRIS

ELDER GEORGE Q. MORRIS, chosen by Attorney A. E. Bowen as his first assistant superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, was born in Salt Lake City, February 20, 1874, a son of Elias and Mary L. Walker Morris. He has spent practically all of his life in Salt

Twelve Apostles who has held the position since September, 1921. This change was made in accordance with a new Church policy which was announced recently and which appears in this magazine.

Attorney Bowen is well known throughout Utah. He spent much of his early life in southern Idaho and Cache Valley, Utah, making his residence in Logan. He was graduated from Brigham Young College with an A. B. degree; served on the faculty; filled a mission to Germany; became a member of the faculty of Brigham Young University, Provo; was graduated with the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence from the University of Chicago in 1911 and was made a member of the legal honorary fraternity "The Coif."

Attorney Bowen has been married twice, his first wife, Elitha Reeder, who died in 1906, being the mother of his two fine sons. He later, 1916, married Lucy Gates, the well known soprano, granddaughter of Brigham Young, daughter of Jacob and Susa Young Gates.

A long and varied experience in Church work and several years of service upon the Deseret Sunday School Union Board have given Attorney Bowen a training which has eminently prepared him for the work to which he has been called. A careful methodical worker and thinker, a calm executive, a far-sighted diplomat, an eminent jurist, he will bring to his new position dignity and ability coupled with a fine tolerance and understanding.

He was graduated from the University of Utah in 1898. Soon after his graduation he was called to fill a mission in Great Britain, where for more than a year he served as president of the London conference.

Always active in Church work, upon the division of the original Salt Lake Stake in 1904, he was selected as superintendent of the Stake Y. M. M. I. A., and has served the young people of the Church in some important capacity ever since. Twice a bishop, a member of the stake presidency of Ensign Stake, and a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board since 1924, he is one of the best loved and most highly respected members of the Board.

In 1905, Elder Morris married Emma Ramsay, well known in musical circles for her lovely voice. They have three daughters, all gifted musically and dramatically; and the family life of the Morrises is lived against a background of cultural harmony and religious devotion.

The remaining members of the new General Board have not as yet been selected. Ever since his appointment Superintendent Bowen has been in the East on business. As soon as he returns he will select his second assistant and members of his new board.

In the meantime, the members of the old board and the Young Women's General Board have been carrying on the work. First Assistant Geo. Q. Morris has taken the lead in matters which have to be decided.

This Smoking Business

ATTITUDES make themselves known through observable demonstration.

A parent's devotion to a child takes the form of providing care and the necessities of life—food, clothing, shelter, training for growth and happiness. An individual's friendship for another takes the definite channel of expression of that friendship—phone calls, shared experiences, long, confidential talks, pleasant contacts. A child's love for its pets shows itself in the little acts of love and protection which it commits for them.

Seldom do we hear a parent object to the necessary proofs of devotion. "Why must I mend hose—or cook vegetables? These are but externals—my love is deeper than I can show through vegetables and neat darns." Absurd; without the willingness to prove devotion there can be no sincerity. Should a friend say to another "I don't particularly want to exert myself to be with you, nor can I take time to call you to ask how you are getting along—these are but superficial tests—but my friendship is strong, nevertheless," what would be your conclusion? If a child let a kitten starve or a wounded dog suffer, could the child's protestations of love for them be credited? There is only one answer.

Why is it that external manifestations are accepted as a natural and consistent part of devotion in other human relationships by many people who rebel at the necessity for such in a religious concern? Why, when proof of allegiance is so delightful a part of other soul-companionships, is there objection to it in this one particular field? Men who glory in providing their children with the tangible things that help to make life interesting, give materially to their Church grudgingly, if at all. Boys who spend hours to reach the home of the only girl in order to associate with her for a little while protest against traveling a short distance to the house of the Lord and the time spent in meeting with others who have gathered there. Girls who would not think of allowing a friend to lack for assurance of affection will let their religion go for any length of time with no attempt to prove sincerity in the affiliation. Why should demonstrations be accepted obligations, joyously discharged, in most connections but in the realm of the spiritual loom up as unnecessary and troublesome?

Take this smoking business! It has been specified as one field in which sacrifice can be made to prove devotion. There is no reason for contending against it on the grounds that it is superficial and external, while religion should be deep and integral. It is one opportunity of giving proof of an attitude. Without willingness to furnish this proof, the attitude itself must come under questioning doubt.

Perhaps the young people of today need new answers to their "Why?" One young chap, tall and finely formed, and towering several inches above his somewhat short father, was amused at his father's warning that smoking would stunt his growth; the boy had smoked for several years and grown tall and his parent had never smoked

and had remained short. It was a stock-argument the father gave, for want of a thoughtful, reasonable one. Let him take that boy into the home of a young Latter-day Saint who has spent on books money equivalent to the amount some of his friends have spent on tobacco, and see there a library which is the envy of all who view it. If smoking doesn't retard his growth, he should know that it will retard his ability to gather for his own some of the finest captured thought of all the ages—for the same money cannot be spent for more than one thing.

A woman, active in Church-work, was questioned by a friend of hers as to the dividends in satisfaction she was receiving. "Don't you *loathe* being a slave to the traditions and conventionalities of the Church? Why don't you come out of the woods—come out into freedom to live your own life? In your work you aren't even free to *smoke* if you want to—a little thing like that." The other answered her. "While we have sat here for less than an hour, you have had to smoke five cigarettes, or shake with nervousness, yet you talk of being free! I am free to smoke—or not to smoke—as I choose. Are you as free as that—or are you free only to smoke? Aren't you a slave to what you have called your freedom?"

A little clear thinking will unveil the fallacies of some of the things which have been regarded as a part of freedom. Perhaps the old answers do not suffice; but there are plenty of new ones. And in an understanding of the truths behind them and the basic principles involved in the opportunity to prove sincerity, there will come a satisfaction greater in every way than the questionable satisfaction which comes from a vaunted freedom which is in reality its own enemy.—E. T. B.

The Choosing Hour

THERE is an hour somewhere among the years," writes Clarence Edwin Flynn in the opening poem in the February number of this magazine, when all of us must pause and choose our course. By that, we are certain that Mr. Flynn does not refer to one particular hour which will never come again. That hour, undoubtedly, is every hour of every waking day, and especially those hours when decisions must be made.

Unfortunately we never know which are the great and important choices. One which might have seemed most trivial may prove to be the most momentous.

I choose to go to church and there I hear something that shapes my life. I choose to attend a ball game, or to go fishing. Perhaps somewhere a great idea will take possession of my heart. Such choices are accidental, of course. But, on the other hand, if I constantly choose to do those things which bring me nearer to my goal, then am I, indeed, a mortal being, taking an active part in shaping my future life.

Friend, who may be reading this, this instant—today—tomorrow—is the *choosing hour*.

Melchizedek Priesthood

BY action of the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve Apostles taken in November, 1934, the following changes in relation to ordination to the Priesthood were made:

"That a definite time be fixed for the ordaining of Priests to the office of Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood, and that this age be 19, thus affording Elders the privilege of two years of training and experience before they become eligible for ordination to the office of Seventy.

"Three years experience and training for the Deacons—12, 13, 14;

"Two years experience and training for the Teachers—15 and 16;

"Two years experience and training for the Priest—17 and 18."

It was expected that this plan be put into operation in all the wards of the Church in January, 1935.

It was also approved that there should be a missionary class in the Sunday School and the following instruction has been published in relation to this class:

"The presiding authorities have directed the General Sunday School Board to make a change in the Missionary-training classes in our schools, beginning January 6th. In accordance with their desire a two-year course will be prepared for Elders and other young men and women of 19 and 20 years of age. The personnel of this class will not be chosen by the Bishop and approved by the Stake President and taught in a stake group as formerly required, but will be a ward Sunday School class the same as other departments. The lesson, however, will be suitable for prospective missionaries.

"Under the new rule worthy young men will be ordained Elders at 19 years of age, and after taking the two-year Missionary-training course, if called upon a mission, will be ordained Seventies."

It has come to our attention that this class has not been organized in some of the wards of the Church. The holding of this missionary class is mandatory. It cannot be dispensed with without doing injury to the missionary plan. The course of study must be, also, the course prepared under the direction of the General Authorities of the Church as it is given in the Sunday School. The outline of study for this class is published.

Under the ruling of the General Authorities, missionaries going into the field will be ordained Seventies, but before this can be done they must have

On Priesthood

WE expect to see the day, if we live long enough (and if some of us do not live long enough to see it, there are others who will), when every council of the Priesthood in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will understand its duty, will assume its own responsibility, will magnify its calling, and fill its place in the Church to the uttermost, according to the intelligence and ability possessed by it. When that day shall come, there will not be so much necessity for work that is now being done by the auxiliary organizations, because it will be done by the regular quorums of the Priesthood. The Lord designed and comprehended it from the beginning, and He has made provision in the Church whereby every need may be met and satisfied through the regular organizations of the Priesthood. It has truly been said that the Church is perfectly organized. The only trouble is that these organizations are not fully alive to the obligations that rest upon them. When they become thoroughly awakened to the requirements made of them, they will fulfill their duties more faithfully, and the work of the Lord will be all the stronger and more powerful and influential in the world."—President Joseph F. Smith, General Conference, April 6, 1906.

received the missionary instruction in the class provided. There may be occasions when young men will be called to the mission field before they reach the age of 21 years, and this will be an exception to the rule. Such young men may be called during the period of the two-year course of study, but as far as possible the two-year period of missionary training should be completed before young men and women are called to foreign missionary labor.

The brethren of the High Priests, Seventies and Elders will study in the Gospel Doctrine classes as heretofore. A full period of forty-five minutes is allotted to this study. At the close of the Gospel Doctrine class at 11:25 the sisters will assemble as outlined in previous instruction while the brethren will engage in their Priesthood ac-

tivity meetings. These activity meetings will close at 11:55.

It is not the prerogative of a class instructor in these Priesthood classes to set aside the authorized course of study and substitute lessons of his own choosing. These lessons are prepared under the supervision of the General Authorities of the Church.

The Priesthood Quorum Committees

IN some of the stakes and wards it seems we are having some difficulty in getting the four quorum committees organized and functioning. In one stake it was rumored that these committees had been discontinued by direction of the Authorities of the Church. This is not the case. Each quorum of Priesthood should have the following committees fully organized and functioning:

1. Personal Welfare.
2. Church Service.
3. Class Instruction.
4. Miscellaneous and Social.

Definite instruction pertaining to these committees and their functions will be found in the Priesthood Manual, pp. 45-50, and "In the Realm of Quorum Activity." Members of these committees should also be actively engaged in each ward where there is but a segment of a quorum as we have it, for instance, in the quorum of High Priests. The work of these committees is vital to the progress of the quorum.

Each brother holding the Priesthood should be in possession of the Priesthood Quorum Bulletin, and study it closely, for it contains not only the Gospel Doctrine lessons but instruction for the monthly quorum meeting and the activity meeting which should be held each Sabbath day.

Brigham Young On Priesthood

IF anybody wants to know what the Priesthood of the Son of God is, it is the law by which the worlds are, were, and will continue forever and ever. It is that system which brings worlds into existence and peoples them—gives them their revolutions—their days, weeks, months, years, their seasons and times, and by which they are rolled up as a scroll, as it were, and go into a higher state of existence." *Jour. of Dis.*, Vol XV, p. 127.

Aaronic Priesthood

Priesthood Meetings

IN response to many inquiries received at the office of the Presiding Bishopric in connection with the new plan of holding Priesthood meetings during the half hour period from 11:25 a. m. to 11:55 a. m., on Sunday mornings, attention is called to the statement issued December 15th.

The use of lesson outlines is a definite part of the Aaronic Priesthood program and an important part of the training provided for the young men of the Church. All quorum members are urged to secure lesson books and to follow the study course regularly.

Quorum supervisors are urged to make careful preparation in advance in order to secure the best possible results in the time allotted to quorum work. By careful coordination between quorum supervisors and officers and the members of the bishopric in charge all items on the regular order of business should be given attention and sufficient time left for a brief review of the Priesthood lesson.

It is urged that the roll of the Priesthood quorum be carefully kept as a quorum record in addition to the Sunday School roll and that all other records be kept separately. It should be pointed out that at 11:25 the Sunday School class period ends and the Priesthood quorum period begins. At this point Aaronic Priesthood quorum officers and supervisors take charge of their own groups just as they would if meetings were held at some other time. The order of business provided by the Presiding Bishopric should then be followed, which calls for prayer, roll call and other items of business in regular order, making the Priesthood meeting entirely separate from the Sunday School classes. All Aaronic Priesthood quorums should meet separately whenever possible. If there are two or more quorums of Deacons in a ward, they should meet in separate rooms where they are available.

The order of business referred to above is reprinted here for the further

guidance of quorum officers and supervisors:

Activity Period:

1. Prayer.
2. Roll call.
3. Consider ways of increasing attendance of absent members.
4. Report on assignments of duties performed.
5. Assignment of duties for ensuing week.
6. Instruction in duties and filling assignments.
7. Social and fraternal activities.
8. Any instruction by member of bishopric.
9. Lesson Period:
Lesson work under direction of supervisor.

Members in C. C. C. Camps

AS a part of a plan to maintain contacts with members of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums who are away from home engaged in C. C. C. camp work, it has been recommended by the Presiding Bishopric that quorum supervisors and officers secure the names and addresses of all such absentees and that letters be sent them from the quorums at least once each month. Several quorums have followed this practice for some time and have reported many letters of appreciation from absent quorum members. In some cases letters are written by individual members of the quorums under special assignment from the quorum and in others, at least occasionally all members of the quorum sign the letters. In addition individual members are urged to write letters to their absent companions. This plan has been urged for several years in the cases of quorum members being away at school or to secure employment but with so many members now engaged at C. C. C. camps, it is urged that a special project be undertaken to maintain contacts through Priesthood quorums.

FATHERS' AND SONS' JAMBOREE, SHARON STAKE
AARONIC PRIESTHOOD GATHERING

Cooperation of the Young Men's Mutual Association has been enlisted and M Men activities are now being carried on in many of the camps. Manuals have been supplied to each of the camps and other reading matter is being sent regularly. Priests' quorum lesson manuals have also been furnished to many of the camps.

It is urged that the letter-writing project be undertaken, especially by Priests' quorums, immediately, and that news of quorum activities be reported to absentees.

Annual Check-up Meeting

THE suggestion is made by the Presiding Bishopric to Stake Aaronic Priesthood committees that an annual check-up and instruction meeting be held in every ward as a part of the plan of stake supervision of Priesthood activities. Where feasible this meeting should be held as one of the special sessions of the annual ward conferences.

When the annual conference of the ward is held a review should be made of all ward activities. As the work of Aaronic Priesthood is of utmost importance it is urged that one of the sessions of the ward conference be a special meeting of the member of the stake presidency supervising Aaronic Priesthood, members of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood committee with Ward Bishopric, all Supervisors of Aaronic Priesthood, Sunday School Superintendency, M. I. A. Superintendency and any others especially assigned to activities involving Aaronic Priesthood members.

The experience of one stake where this plan is being followed successfully is cited as a guide. In this particular stake arrangements were made with the Stake Presidency to hold this special meeting on the Saturday evening, preceding the regular ward conference sessions. The entire evening is devoted to this meeting.

The order of business includes a check-up of all activities of Aaronic



Priesthood. Items considered are (a) organization—selection and training of quorum supervisors, organization and function of Ward Aaronic Priesthood committee, selecting and training quorum officers, etc. (b) meetings—quorum meetings and procedure as outlined in lesson manuals, regular weekly meeting of Ward Aaronic Priesthood committee; (c) reports—keeping the standard quorum roll book, training quorum secretaries in record keeping, monthly reports to stake committee, quarterly reports in cooperation with ward clerk, using reports as a basis for finding and correcting weak points; (d) Adult Aaronic Priesthood classes—how to organize them, holding meetings, course of lessons; (e) Aaronic Priesthood activities—ward teaching, projects, social and fraternal activities, missionary work among inactive members; (f) Aaronic Priesthood correlation—its importance to the Priesthood, successful methods; (g) Aaronic Priesthood cooperation with Scout and Vanguard programs as the activity programs of the Aaronic Priesthood—organization plan as outlined in "Scouting in the L. D. S. Church," check-up on organization in the ward, plans for the ensuing year, etc.

The meetings are conducted on a discussion basis, checking first on the present condition in the ward in relation to each item on the order of business and then discussing ways of insuring improvement during the coming year.

This plan calls for careful preparation in advance on the part of the stake committee, several sessions of the stake group being required to work out the details of the program. All available reports and records of Aaronic Priesthood activity in each ward should be taken to the meeting.

The importance of this annual check-up is so vital to the success of the program that it is urged by the Presiding Bishopric that this plan be adopted in each stake in connection with the annual conference of each ward.

Sigurd Ward Aaronic Priesthood Makes Outstanding Record

TO Bishop Irvin L. Warnock, for fourteen years bishop of Sigurd Ward in Sevier Stake, and his counselors and ward supervisors goes credit for an unusual and outstanding accomplishment. During the entire fourteen years not one boy was lost from the ranks of the Aaronic Priesthood and until a year ago no member of the group used tobacco.

As members of the quorums reached the specified ages each one was ad-

vanced in the Priesthood, if he remained in the ward. Of the two boys who marred the perfect record in non-use of tobacco one left the ward soon after being ordained a Priest and the other lived in the ward one year only.

The record shows the following interesting facts: "From these young men have been chosen the Superintendency of our Sunday School and the Presidency of our Y. M. M. I. A. including the secretary, in both instances all members. The newly appointed Bishop of the ward, Bishop R. Harvey Dasturp, was one of our deacons fourteen years ago. Our Elder's leader is another. One other filled a mission; upon return home served as President of the Y. M. M. I. A. until he moved to California a year ago. Three others are in California, one as a mill foreman, one as artist in Walt Disney's studio, one as secretary to a lawyer, doing real missionary work. We have four priests attending college at Logan and two more in the C. C. C.

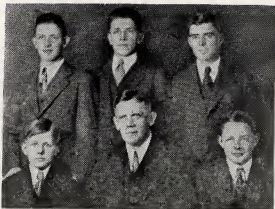
Bishop Warnock recently described his experience in the following words:

"I look back with the greatest satisfaction on my association with these boys, and attribute any measure of success attained to a humble desire to help them avoid some of the mistakes of youth. We prayed together, we played together, we worked together, we sang together, and with some we cried together. I love boys and am thankful to have had the opportunity to have been of some small service to a few of them."

All Priesthood Offices in One Family

ALL branches of the Priesthood are represented in the family of Frederick A. Babbel of Twin Falls, Idaho. Upper row, Fred, Elder; Arthur, Priest; Roy, Seventy. Lower row, Bryon, Deacon; Frederick A. High, Priest; and Norman, Teacher.

The father, a German convert, is a member of the Twin Falls Stake High Council and Roy is at present on a mission in Germany. In addition to the five sons, four daughters are also active Church workers.



FREDERICK A. BABBEL AND SONS, A PRIESTHOOD FAMILY OF TWIN FALLS, IDAHO

Sharon Stake Holds Aaronic Priesthood Fathers' and Sons' Jamboree

OVER 300 men and boys gathered on Saturday evening, December 29, 1934, at the Lincoln High School and held a Fathers' and Sons' Jamboree of Sharon Stake Aaronic Priesthood members and their "Dads," with the following program carried out: Motion picture show, 2 basketball games, boxing exhibition, games, concluding with a lunch.

The entertainment was sponsored by the "Sharon Club," which is the Honor Club composed of 93 Aaronic Priesthood members who gained recognition and membership in the Club by attaining a required number of points given for quorum and Church activity and attendance at meetings. This same group of boys enjoyed a trip to Zion and Bryce Canyons during the summer of 1934 as a reward for their achievements. The officers of the Club are: President, Robert Gillispie; Vice-President, Reinwald Leichty; Secretary, Milo Madsen, who together with Richard Rowley, Grant Blake, Kent Fielding, and Verlin Clegg comprise the Executive Committee.

Cooperating with and assisting the Sharon Club in making the evening a success was the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee with Henry D. Taylor as chairman, other members being C. Wilford Larsen, James C. Jensen, all members of the Stake High Council, Victor C. Andersen, Raymond Harding, Alfred Madsen, and Marvin Perry. (See picture, page 163.)

Taylor Stake Deacons Visit Cardston Temple

UNDER the leadership of Brother Levi John Mehew, Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor in the Raymond First Ward, Taylor Stake, Alberta, Canada, twenty-one Deacons visited the Cardston Temple November 24, 1934. Here they entered the sacred font and were baptized for nearly five hundred people, thus, through unselfish service, opening the gateway into the Kingdom of Heaven for those who accept this ordinance. The boys are all anxious to go again.

The names of the boys reading from left to right: Front row—David Blackmore, Billy Mehew, Glen Lee, Grant Hall, Grant Fawns, Verl Meldrum, Verl Lybbert. Second—Gerald Melchin, Milo Carter, Robert Wood, L. John Mehew, Francum Selman, Teddy Witbeck, Winston Blackmore. Third—Gibb Mendenhall, Robert McMullin, Charles Bascom, Francis Coombs, Lawrence Betts. Fourth—Nyal Earl, Leonard Rolfson, Reed Fawns.

Ward Teaching



Ward Teachers Message, April, 1935

Aaronic Priesthood Standards

"Priesthood, as we understand the term, is a word signifying the power of God, the medium of his manifestations, and the authority by which he is legally represented."—Orson F. Whitney, "The Contributor," Vol. VI, No. 1.

THE Aaronic Priesthood is the preparatory Priesthood. As an appendage to and part of the Melchizedek Priesthood, its duty is to lay the foundation in the lives of its members for service in the Higher Priesthood, through proper teaching and active participation in the special duties assigned to them.

The nature of the Aaronic Priesthood is indicated in the words of John the Baptist when conferring it upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery at the time of its restoration in this dispensation, May 15, 1829:

"Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of the Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness." (D. & C., Sec. 13.)

Acceptance of this Priesthood places an obligation upon its members to live exemplary lives, to keep the commandments of God, to observe the counsel of Church leaders, to "remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humanity, diligence." (D. & C., Sec. 4.)

For 1935, these three definite objectives have been set for the Aaronic Priesthood:

1. *Activity.* One million assignments to be filled during the year throughout the Church—an increase of about 50% over 1934. This will require full cooperation of all members and leaders.

2. *Missionary Work.* To attempt to get every person holding the Aaronic Priesthood, regardless of age, to participate in Priesthood activity by filling at least one assignment.

3. *Teach Clean Living.* To have all leaders of Aaronic Priesthood members in all organizations, and including parents, teach clean living—clean thoughts, speech, actions and bodies.

Being fundamental to the plan, progress and development of the Church, it should be accepted as the responsibility of all—stake and ward officers, parents and all members of the Church—to encourage and assist at every opportunity in the advancement of the Aaronic Priesthood and its activities.

Ward Teaching Active in Granite Stake

IN Wasatch Ward in Granite Stake on the evening of Thursday, December 13th, 1934, between the hours of eight and nine, one home on almost every block was lighted and appeared to be entertaining company. In each of those homes a meeting was in progress, with prayer, song and story as some of its features.

This unique activity was the result of careful planning on the part of Ward and Stake officials in connection with the Ward Teaching Movement in Granite Stake.

The program in each home included an opening and closing song and prayer, a greeting and message from the Bishopric, delivered by the Ward Teacher in charge, special musical numbers, and two fifteen minute talks on subjects apropos of the true spirit of Christmas. The musicians and speakers were chosen principally from the membership of other wards in the Stake, thus leaving the members of Wasatch Ward free to attend their own cottage meetings. The musicians and speakers were organized and assigned to their respective duties under the direction of the Stake Music Committee and the Stake Missionary Committee, respectively. Each family was invited to the cottage meeting, by postal card from the Bishopric, by

The Builder

AN old man going a lone highway,
Came in the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide,
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,

The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he turned, when safe on the other side,

And built a bridge to span the tide,

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your time by building here,

Your journey will end with the passing day,

You never again will pass this way.

You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide.

Why build you a bridge in the evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old, gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,

"There followeth after me today

A youth, whose feet must pass this way.

This chasm which has been as naught to me

To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.

He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.

Good friend, I am building this bridge for him." —Selected.

personal call from the Ward Teacher, and by invitation from the hostess of the cottage meeting.

Thirty-one meetings were held, with an aggregate attendance of 495 persons, representing 180 families. The average attendance at each cottage meeting was 16, not including the musicians, or speakers or those engaged in the program.

It has been generally conceded that the project was productive of much good in the way of increased community spirit, as well as a closer cementing of friendship between neighbors.

Thursday night of each week is set aside for Ward Teaching service, and every person identified with the Ward Teaching organization is expected to do Ward Teaching. The monthly Stake meeting and Stake Class Leaders' meeting are scheduled for the third Thursday in each month. The Ward Teachers are called upon to meet in their respective Wards on the fourth Thursday of each month, to receive the instructions carried by their class leader from the previous Stake meeting. When a fifth Thursday appears (about once every three months), a social or similar get together is held for all Ward Teaching workers.

In establishing this movement, Granite Stake Presidency have recognized the virtue of uniform and united action and procedure, and are convinced that thorough and successful Ward Teaching is the key to increased spiritual prosperity in the Church.

Music



Echoes From Noble Cain's Music Class

II

(The following notes are in continuation of those published in the August "Improvement Era" and are taken from the minutes of a special meeting of students held on June 14, 1934, between the class sessions of the course offered by Noble Cain. The meeting was under the direction of the Church Music Committee, Elder Geo. D. Pyper presiding.)

The Song Words

GEORGE H. DURHAM:

IT has always been a rule of mine to go to the root of a song—the words. The real interpretative basis lies there. One man said, and I think it is true, "Never forget that the words are the root and basis of the song. From them the composer derives an inspiration and sets it to music." I have been greatly impressed and very glad indeed that Mr. Cain has stressed these things. Music is just a means to make the words more beautiful. Through sound and with song we should get our aesthetic senses fully touched through the beauty in our words—how we phrase them, how we change them, how we build a phrase climax or a period climax. We can't expect to get this out of a congregation unless we are prepared ourselves. Personally I would never go before an audience with a book in my hand, because I think I owe it to my choir or group to give them all I have and in turn I expect them to give all they have to me. Don't leave your preparation until Sunday morning. Have a reserve of material to give."

J. SPENCER CORNWALL:

"I have always favored the rote method in teaching Sunday School songs. When the words and music cannot be read by a great many of the members in the Sunday School and where those who can read them will not assist you very much, it is a great help to use this method of singing a phrase, then having the group repeat it after you, then the second phrase and so on through the song just the exact way you want it. Then it is all memorized and learned. Everybody is looking at you all the time. It is the most direct way of presenting music when the people are having difficulty in reading the music or the words."

"When you are teaching by rote do

you sing a solo or do you say the words?"

A practical demonstration was given by Mr. Cornwall of the method he had advocated.

Question: "What if your voice isn't suitable for that?"

Answer: "What you lack in voice you must make up in generalship."

Missionary Farewells

QUESTIONS: "I would like to know what kind of music we should have for a missionary farewell?"

Answer: "We want to preserve dignity in a house which is dedicated to the Lord. I don't mean that we should be long-faced at a missionary farewell. I do think, however, that there are things that people do that shouldn't be done in a service of this kind."

Question: "Does it make any difference whether a missionary farewell is held on a week night or on a Sunday?"

Answer: "Perhaps we should not do anything on a week night that we would not do on a Sunday. Maybe that is carrying it a little too far but we must use good judgment."

Classification of Voices

QUESTION: "You spoke about classification of voices. I was wondering where we are supposed to get arrangements for boy's voices, or male voices, or female voices. I know there are hardly any in circulation. You spoke about trying to put that project over, but if we are going to do that it seems to me that we have got to have some music to work on."

Answer: "I think that someone will have to be commissioned to fix our music up for the various organizations and age groups."

Question: "Are there any arrangements for ladies' voices in the church music?"

Answer: Two volumes of music for ladies' voices have been issued by the Y. W. M. I. A., bearing the title "Y. L. M. I. A. Song Book." The Relief Society Song Book contains a number of selections for women's voices.

Remark: "We need material that will fit our voices. What ward is there in the Church that can buy the necessary music for each and every occasion that comes along? The best we can do is to train them as well as we can.

I can't arrange these songs to fit the different voices. I would like to impress upon our officers that I personally would like to have some musical training if possible. I thought in this course that Mr. Cain would bring out in particular the way we should train and teach those who are under us. That to me is a very important thing, and it is the thing I would like to ask our officers to do. I think that with the musical leaders we have in the Church some consideration should be given to us in voice culture."

The Ward Choir

REMARK: "We began this meeting by speaking of the importance of the ward choir and we have spent no time considering it at all. It seems to me that the ward choir is not given a fair deal. I think there is a feeling of competition among the auxiliary organizations of the Church. I believe the ward choirs are suffering at the expense of the auxiliary organizations and until we get the support of the head organizations of the Church the ward choirs are not going to be a success."

Exchanging Choirs

QUESTION: "What do you think of the idea of wards exchanging choir programs? Is it permissible?"

Answer: "I think it might be a very good idea to do this occasionally. It furnishes a new interest."

(Adjourned)

MUSIC'S the cordial of a troubled breast.

The softest remedy that grief can find;

The gentle spell that charms our cares to rest

And calms the ruffled passions of the mind.

—John Oldham.

MUSIC resembles poetry; in each Are nameless graces which no methods teach

And which a master-hand alone can reach.

—Pope.

IF music and sweet poetry agree, As they must needs (the sister and the brother).

Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me.

Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

—Richard Barnfield.



BOOKS

“Black”

BY B. F. GARDNER

(The Caxton Printers, Inc., Caldwell,
Idaho)

THE muses draw no color line. The shade or the texture of the skin have little to do with the emotions of the heart.

B. F. Gardner, a colored man, born in 1900 in Ozark, Arkansas, the twelfth child of a family of thirteen, "whose parents were born under the yoke of slavery" has sung many songs. In 1933 he brought out an interesting collection in a seventy-nine page book, bound in deep black and bearing a jacket of the same hue making it a striking book among books.

The volume contains about seventy poems among which are some intriguing ones. Knowing that the author is a negro, one can read between the lines, and often within the lines themselves, the galling grind of race upon race. The poem "Black" which opens the book, is arresting:

“Go ask the oak tree why its leaves are green.

And question the rose why it is red.
Go question Heaven of its stars at
night.

And of its blue by day, arched overhead,

Go stand before the ancient pyramid,
Defying all the storms and wear of
age.

And ask what mighty power and
what charm

Protects it from the cancer of time's
rage.

“And if these tell thee all that thou
wouldst know—

The trees, the stone, the lowly dell—
You need not ask me then that which
thou wouldst.

For, oh, my friend, I fear I know
too well:

And knowing well sure I will answer back,

'Not lack of manhood, no! God made me black'."

Here is a bit which reveals the hidden hurt:

HOPE

“I have wept bitter tears;
Jesus wept.

‘I have walked in lonely places;
Jesus walked in lonely places.

'I have been alone and friendless;
Jesus was friendless.

'I have suffered grievous hurt;
Jesus was crucified.

"Jesus is in Heaven;
I'm praying."

The author, a Pullman porter with a run between Cheyenne and Ogden, at the time of the publication of his book resided in Ogden.—*H. R. M.*

*"Stories About Joseph
Smith"*

BY EDWIN F. PARRY
(*The Deseret News Press*)

TO Latter-day Saints, Joseph Smith, the Prophet, will always loom as one of the great heroes and religious leaders of all time; to fair Americans he will always be an interesting puzzle as well as a dynamic transcendentalist among the great transcendentalists of his time; to a few he will always be counted among the evil influences in early American life. He cannot and will not be forgotten by any but the unlettered and the ignorant.

As the years pass the stories told of him will grow in importance and romantic interest. People will say, "How could he do what he did?" Were it not for cheap paper and cheap printing, undoubtedly in time he would take his place among the great shadowy heroes of the past. Even with recorders upon every side; with newspapers and pamphlets and books recounting tales of him, he is bound to acquire legendary characteristics.

In this handy pocket edition of "Stories About Joseph Smith," Edwin F. Parry has preserved for us in one place a number of the choice bits which have been told by acquaintance of the Prophet. Such noted characters as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt, Wilford Woodruff,

Lorenzo Snow, and many others have related these stories which have been gathered, according to Mr. Parry, from many sources.

Here is a little volume that any home might well have among its gems. Those who read these stories told by men who knew the Prophet personally cannot be led to believe many of the tales which are circulated of him.—*H. R. M.*

Discovering Overstreet

(Books Published by Morton Co.)

ONE of the delightful voyages of discovery which is open to all who love to read non-fiction is going through the books by H. A. Overstreet and finding therein most of the things for which they have been seeking for these many years.

A Guide to Civilized Loafing, adult volume of the current year's reading course in M. L. A. is proving a pilot light which leads a man to further explorations in the works of the same author. This book has been reviewed in a former issue of the *Era*, and many expressions of delighted appreciation have been heard from those who have read and enjoyed the book and its sane, heartening philosophy and practical possibility of incorporating into the average pattern of present day living. *The Enduring Quest* is an earlier book, but timeless and timely in its interest—for it is not too old or too new. It carries the reader through a consideration of many human concerns, with careful analysis into the possibilities of happiness and enduring satisfactions to be found in them. *Influencing Human Behavior* deals with the common weapons and instruments of affecting ourselves and others—writing, speaking, being what we pretend to be—drama, music, humor and many others—with suggested ways of utilizing more effectively all of these. And in the book lies the magic power of making readers *want* to get on, not just of making them feel that it is their duty; which is one test of a great book. *We Move in New Directions* is one of the truly soul-satisfying considerations of the problems—social, educational, political, economic.—E. T. B.

Mutual Messages



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

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RICHARD R. LYMAN,
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. W. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. DEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN,
Executive Secretary

January 24, 1935.

To Presidents of Stakes and Bishops of Wards:

Dear Brethren:

THE Managers of *The Improvement Era*, *The Relief Society Magazine*, *The Instructor* and *The Children's Friend* have agreed that it would be far better to have a distinctive time when we make a drive or use the forces of these organizations to present our several magazines to the people, instead of doing it all at the same time.

Our agreement and arrangement is that each year the period from August 15 to September 15 the field will be occupied chiefly by the workers in the interest of *The Instructor*; during the period from September 15 to October 15 *The Relief Society Magazine* will major in the field securing subscriptions; from October 15 to November 15 *The Improvement Era* will have

the right of way and from November 15 to December 15 *The Children's Friend* will have the field.

Of course this has to do with the yearly campaigns for many people are enlisted in the voluntary work of securing subscriptions, and to avoid pressing the people by having all these workers call in the same month we thought it was far better to have a month for each of these magazines. Of course this does not deter the regular field people in the wards and stakes, who are charged as agents of these magazines with the responsibility of promoting it all the year round, of giving attention to their work at all times. But the regular campaigns should, as far as possible, be confined in the wards and stakes to the dates suggested. If there is any modification of this it ought to be only on the

concurrence of the Presidency of the Stake and the Bishop of the Ward and with the approval of the auxiliary organization affected by any modification.

We trust that this will be generally observed in the interest of all these important magazines of the Church.

Sincerely your brother,
MELVIN J. BALLARD.

Stake Reports

GUNNISON: More than a thousand people participated in the M. I. A. bonfire and outing held by the Mayfield Ward. They took part in an excellent program of stories, songs, instrumental music, readings, dances and community singing. The water-melons and "hot dogs" were welcomed as a grand finale.

St. Johns: The Mothers' and Daughters' Outing of the St. Johns Ward was a great success. Two hun-

MARICOPA STAKE WINNING ROAD SHOW ACT
DECEMBER 1934





GOLD AND GREEN BALL
BLACKFOOT STAKE

dred mothers and daughters enjoyed themselves together in a program and delightful luncheon. Prizes went to: Aunt Charlotte Sherwood, 83, as the oldest mother present; the youngest daughter—aged 7 weeks; mother with largest posterity present; the best dancing daughter. A most happy and successful affair it proved to be.

Amsterdam, Holland: The first Gold and Green Ball attempted by the Amsterdam M. I. A. was a surprising success, approximately ninety members attending and all enjoying themselves immensely.

Maricopa: The winning act of our road show was original and cleverly executed, "Treasure Island" being the central idea, and in its development it depicted the discovery of a treasure chest out of which the M. I. A. departments were taken and extolled in song and dance. The road show is only three years old in the stake, but ever since its inception it has remained the most popular event of the year. Since the complete circuit would span 74 miles, the stake is divided into three sections and the show presented on three nights. This year over 200 persons took an active part in the combined numbers, showing the great opportunity for expression and development which it offers.

Morgan: The Music Appreciation course in Richville Ward has been most delightful this year, presented with the aim of promoting a better understanding of and love for good music. Eight lessons were given, explaining and illustrating various types of music. Rhythms and dance-music were discussed, followed by program music, American folk music, Indian, Negro, cowboy and southern mountain songs. Great interest was shown in these. The evolution of Church music, from Biblical times to the present, was introduced, with some of the most famous Latter-day Saint hymns being studied and presented. The course was concluded with a lovely, informal concert.

Blackfoot: The Gold and Green Ball for 1935 in this stake was the most successful and the largest one ever held in the stake. About 1000 people were present to enjoy the evening and to witness the crowning of the Queen and the demonstration of the four M. I. A. dances. Mutual Improvement is going over this year better than ever before and the program

The Cover

THE cover picture was taken by Wilkes, the well known scenic photographer who has preserved in black and white and in colored photographs some of the richest scenes of this inter-mountain country.

This picture might well be called "Farewell to Winter," as it is one of those scenes caught just after a fluffy snow-storm has visited the Rockies. This photograph, by the way, cannot be duplicated as the trees which form this magnificent frame for the spires dear to every heart, have been cut down.



Drawing by J. Stafford Sloan
FIELDING K. SMITH

Frontispiece

"THE DUNES," by Fielding K. Smith. The man who has charge of the art work for "The Improvement Era," is a polychrome pencil and gasoline sketch of the dunes near Lake Michigan in Indiana. The original sketch is a striking picture possessing great dynamic qualities. The play of deep shadows against light catches the attention and the imagination, making the scene live before the eyes.

Fielding K. Smith, a son of the late President Joseph F. Smith and Alice K. Smith, is one of the younger commercial artists in Salt Lake City. Mr. Smith studied at the University of Utah and later filled a mission to Great Britain.

He has studied art at the Chicago Academy of Fine Art, the Chicago Art Institute, and the National Galleries, London, England. He has developed a fine technique which enables him to do dainty things in black and white with unusual skill. He is also an adept at laying out material for magazine and newspaper uses.

Fielding, "Smat" as he is known to his artist friends, married Norma Hughes who met with an accidental death during the holiday season this year while they were on their way to California to visit her parents.

seems to have won a healthy increase in membership and interest.

Tooele: An outstanding event of our stake was the presentation of a pageant, "The Truth Shall Make You Free." Members of the Lake View Ward, both young and old, cooperated with their time, means and talent. The theme was beautifully demonstrated in 13 pictures, with song, reading and dramatization combining to create a really worthwhile event. Mrs. Jeanette Droubay of Tooele had it in charge.

Pocatello Stake M. I. A. Song

By Elaine Hyde Thomas

The song, to be sung to the tune of "Waiting for the Reaper's Sickle," was the one awarded first place in a stake-wide song writing contest.

I WAS seeking for a something that would make my dreams come true,
For a something that would help me,
would improve me through and through;
And I found it in the Mutual; it is there beyond a doubt,
And if you would have your preference, you must come and pick it out.

Chorus:

Come with me, and join the Mutual.
And its merits loud proclaim.
I am going to join the Mutual,
It will fill our every aim.

If you'd learn about religion, go to Mutual and be taught,
Join the frank and fair discussion, get the knowledge that you've sought;
There's diversion in the Mutual, by religion stands the Arts,
They refine us, while they broaden; culture reigns in noblest hearts.

Chorus:

If you'd entertain your friends, just tell a story worth their while;
Tell them of your secret hobby; of a drama's worth and style.
For you've learned how in the Mutual and your charm is plain to see,
When you dance those Green and Gold steps toward the goal "efficiency."



GOLD AND GREEN BALL
AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY

Mutual Improvement Through Speech

By Angus Boyer

Liberty Stake M. I. A. Union Meeting, Oct. 21, 1934

WE are engaged in the work of the Mutual Improvement Association. Let us examine the meaning of these terms—Mutual Improvement. The synonyms for improvement are: cultivation, development and especially *betterment*. The word Mutual means reciprocally giving and receiving. The meaning of our association is therefore: that each member shall give to all the other members of this organization his best talents and his best thoughts—in short his best personality; and in turn he shall open his eyes, his ears, his very soul to receive the thoughts, the talents, the personality of all the other members.

I am glad that the "contests" have been eliminated from our work because contests do not promote *mutual* improvement. Contests provide merely the incentive for *further* improvement of individuals who have already attained recognition of their talent. Many young people who have needed and who have desired development in various activities touched by M. I. A. work have been reluctant to enter contests because they have known that certain members of their groups were better qualified by training than they. This has been particularly true of story telling and speech contests. The elimination of these contests has again opened the door for *mutual* improvement in conversation, in story telling and in public speaking.

The close relationship of these activities prompts me to speak of them rather as one. Story telling may be admirably employed in public speaking as well as in conversation. Public speaking is conversation made individual and formal to suit the occasion of numbers too great for all to enter into conversation. Henceforth not only Vanguards and Junior Girls will be telling stories. Hereafter the M Men and Gleaner Girls will not have a corner on public speaking. From now on Boy Scouts and Adults will be vying with one another or at least with themselves for honors in the speech arts. I wonder if every class leader and every activity leader realizes he is a public speaker? Yet he does really become a public speaker the moment he stands before his group to convey his thoughts to them.

Now a good leader becomes *speech*

conscious. He strives to have something particular to say. He says it in a manner that will be interesting to his particular group. He may make his point with a story. Good speakers and good teachers do not merely entertain. They inspire mental and spiritual growth. Their memory goes beyond the lecture hall. How do they do this? They do it through the "drawing out" process rather than the "pouring in." They encourage mutual improvement. Some good leaders do this through the discussion method. Others equally good obtain best results with the lecture method, but they do not do all the lecturing. Neither do they feel it necessary to go outside

the group for speakers. A class that imports its speakers is merely being entertained. On the other hand a class whose members take their turns under the direction of the class leader take pride in individual and group accomplishments. But whatever method he followed it becomes the duty of the leader to see to it that the subject be held to strictly and that what he says *does* make a difference. Let's be careful with arguments, especially about facts. Argument can't change the facts. But let's be tolerant with other people's opinions and beliefs. Opinions and beliefs come as a result of experience and points of view. Neither

(Continued on page 175)

Superintendency, General Board Y. M. M. I. A. Released

(Continued from page 133)

Outstanding Accomplishments

1. Introduction of the Senior, M Men, and Vanguard Departments into the M. I. A. Program.

2. Field Service and extension of the M. I. A. program greatly increased.

3. Great Fiftieth Anniversary Jubilee celebrated. One of the largest activities ever conducted in the Church.

4. Annual, inspirational events are conducted each year such as Music Festivals, etc.

5. The System of Leadership Training Institutes.

6. Development of the M Men Basketball — largest Basketball league in the world.

7. Vanball—a new game was created for the Vanguards, with an estimated participation this year of more than 2500 young men.

8. The Archery Finals—one of the largest archery tournaments held in western America was developed.

9. General Superintendent George Albert Smith was the principal organizer of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Land Marks Association, and the M. I. A. as an organization assumed leadership in

the coin sale which produced a large proportion of the funds used in placing 49 markers in six western states.

10. In June, 1931, the Word of Wisdom Exhibit was conducted.

11. Received the award of the George Washington Bi-centennial Commission of the George Washington Bust and Silver Medal of Honor, for the greatest participation in the nation-wide Bi-centennial Celebration.

12. Plans were laid for a mountain recreation park in connection with Salt Lake City, at Mountain Dell on the old Pioneer Trail.

13. Under the leadership of Superintendent George Albert Smith, the Priesthood Correlation Program was developed in cooperation with the Presiding Bishopric and the Deseret Sunday School Union.

The Church moves on. Though Superintendent Smith and his two assistants have endeared themselves to the members of the two General Boards and to the M. I. A. workers in all the world, undoubtedly they are needed more just now in their special calling. All three, however, have assured M. I. A. workers that they will always be fond of the organization and will take an interest in its progress and welfare. As they go about the Church performing their special duties they will be able to do much toward establishing and maintaining M. I. A. morale. The incoming Superintendency have been assured of their continued support and cooperation.

Adults



"Every clod feels a stir of might"

Fare Forth

THE sun of life, truth, smiles in perpetual springtime upon us all. Her fragrant blossoms beckon all about us. No less in one fair field than another. "From all around, earth and her waters and the depths of air," comes her still voice. It is indeed a voice of gladness, eloquence and beauty and healing sympathy. In amplitude of liberty ours may be the joy to obey this call to fare forth and bask much in the sunlight of truth. If we are in the presence of the lower, our glory will be to choose the higher—"the things that are more excellent."

"The grace of friendship—mind and heart

Linked with their fellow heart and mind;

The gains of science, gifts of art;

The sense of oneness with our kind;

The thirst to know and understand—

A large and liberal discontent

These are the goods in life's rich hand,

The things that are more excellent."

"Our work, the great work for us is exactly that task given us of God—the working out of the full possibilities of our nature and of that situation in which we are placed. To take up our situation and our work as given us of God is to make both great."

"Practice in thoughtful self-control in the midst of the group, leading and being led towards that which is likeable and loveable, is the keynote of true social refinement." The indifferent and self centered must be awakened into wholesome appreciation of the interests and well-being of others.

"We cannot live fully the abundant life apart from our fellows in isolation, either here or hereafter. To know the eternal joys of living that Christ made possible for man we must live together and love and serve one another. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Our privilege here is to prove our social rank, to choose the kind of associates we shall have hereafter. Doubtless we shall mingle there with those on our own level, be it high or low. Evidently no place for the hermit life has been set aside in Heaven. To be shut out forever from the society of God and those who have loved Him and mankind most is that state described as Hell—where one never sees a noble countenance. But even in Hell there will be companionships.

March On!

A GREAT and a healthy man thinks little of dying. He is absorbed in living. He neither looks long into the past nor peers too much into the future. He marches on in the present, seeking the present good and not a far-off goal. Well he knows what happens to him is good or ill depending on what he does about it. He wields a wonder-working wand—"I am greater than anything that can happen to me."

Steady There!

HAS the Commander-in-Chief called a halt; do you seem to be only marking time? Learn patience. Sometimes they serve who only stand and wait. Are others moving on ahead, leaving you behind? Stand fast! Life is not a race against others; you cannot really win by beating someone else—"getting ahead of the other fellow." Nor can you tell by where they are now who are really ahead of you in life's journey. You didn't start at the same point, nor on the same road. No two of us ever have. Each has his own burdens and travels his own road. "The race is not to the swift."

Keep Going!

I SAW a man unkempt and rough, staggering along life's way. Well groomed and free I passed him by with easy stride proud of my youthful strength. "The drunken lout! I run well the race of life and he but ill," thought I. But no. I learned too late he'd traveled far o'er parching plains and rocky paths. His burdens heavy bore him down full off. But hiding scars and bleeding wounds he rose and struggled on and on. Judge not as weak the worn and wounded. Perhaps they bear burdens that would stagger us. "We are to be judged not by our achievements but by our efforts."

It were worse than Hell to be sole habitant of infinitude; one before whose undying devastated entity stretch

out vast spaces of aching emptiness. Being was never born out of such void; such utter loneliness. Being could not endure it; not even God. Nor did He, ever. No being was ever companionless in the wide limitless universe. We are coeval with God.

Not only is association with others forever inescapable, it is necessary and altogether desirable. Progress as well as human happiness demand it.

A great interpreter of life will often lift others out of themselves into a higher level of interest and outlook—those of us who sometimes live in the nooks and crannies and blind alleys of experience. We all need betimes to stand upon the heights of life where we may feel lifted up as Enoch was "exceeding high" when he beheld the great panorama of man's course on earth and his glorious destiny. He beheld at last the vision of a world of beauty, love, and perfect peace, and finally he entered into it.

So we must see the Kingdom of God before we can enter. We must sense the glory of high living again and again until it becomes possible for us and we too enter into the society of God on earth.

Out in the untrammeled beauty of a good earth, perhaps, we may catch such glimpses. In the starlit universe, we may see, "signal fires of God's approaching glory." But we may see Him best as our loving Father in the spark of His divinity flaming up feebly and fitfully in human souls. If we would see His greatest glory behold Him working in the hearts of men.

"The proper study for man is man," said Pope and perhaps our need is not so much to study books as people, those around us every day. To see something in those we meet which arouses interest and effectual wonder. To lift up our eyes to the altitudes of character in our fellows. To look into the depths of their hearts. To become acquainted with the heroism of the human soul. To be inspired by the spiritual stamina and fortitude in the face of difficulties we see in others, to display ourselves that quiet, constant, sustained courage in obscure and forgotten places, where no one sees.

Then if we would feel true joy, if we would have God's love, we must love our neighbors, strive to lessen human woe and suffering and make life a goodly and smiling one. If we help our neighbor get more joy out of life the effort will stretch out spaces in our own souls for happiness.

FAITH illumines; HOPE renews; LOVE inspires. These constitute the true trinity, the inseparable rulers in every full life. Where they reign not, joy is not.

Seniors



Have You Read It?

HAVE you read that stimulating article "Give Your Hobby Its Head," published in the "Rotarian" for February, 1935? If not, we promise you something to think about and to be used in conversation with your friends and neighbors. A condensation of the article appeared in the "Readers Digest" for January.

"Stratosphere flights were made in 1934, but what of the aspirations of those who remain below? 'In 1935, perhaps,' Dr. Millikan writes, 'if we are thoughtful and honest and kind and courageous, we may ascend a little way toward our own stratosphere—the mysterious altitude of ourselves.'" That is a rich thought, isn't it? You will find many more like it in "The Human Balance Sheet of '34", an editorial review in "The Readers Digest" for January.

All Idahoans will find interest in "The Saga of the Potato," by Norman Taylor, American Mercury for March, 1933, or "The Readers Digest" for January, 1935.

Check on Enrollment

UNDER the heading "The General Plan" in the back of the Senior Lesson book, fourth paragraph are these words: "We suggest that a roll be kept for the entire season which will show the attendance at manual discussion meetings and also the appreciation course meetings. We ask that a report be made to the stake boards comparing the attendance at the two kinds of meetings and by them to the General Board."

Will ward and stake boards please see that this suggestion is carried out. We should like now to compile those records to be used in the magazine and at June Conference.

What have you read? I just picked up "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London, again. It is a great dog story for a wintry spring night.

That Open Forum for April

PLANS for the open forum or debate in April should be laid now, if they have not already been laid. Preparation precedes power, and those who are to take part should be lining up their material now.

The manual lists many topics which might be used for open forum discussions, or the group might be able to obtain topics from their own environment. For instance, on page 106 of the manual there are a number of challenging topics among them this one:

"Discuss the proposition that the curtailment of the educational program is one of the chief signs of social ill-health today.

There are many good topics suggested in the manual. Appropriate ones might be found for any community. If a debate is chosen as the activity for April 30, careful preparation should precede its presentation. Generally, the debate will be of more interest if it is on a serious, vital subject.

Second Board of Directors—Twentieth Ward Institute

Editor *Improvement Era*,
City.

Dear Editors:

THE halftone printed on page 46 of the January *Era* represents what was probably the second board of directors of the Twentieth Ward Institute of Salt Lake City, which was organized on January 20th, 1873, according to their printed certificates of membership, one of which is in my possession. This photo was evidently taken in 1874, after the annual election of officers, as they do not correspond with those elected in 1873. I have a photo copy of this same group which gives the date as 1872. If taken then, it was probably the board of directors of the Twentieth Ward Young Men's Institute, which was organized earlier, and consisted of males only.

Those pictured in the group, starting at the left and reading up and down to the right are: William C. Dunbar, Charles W. Stayner, Henry Puzey, Karl G. Maeser, Herbert J. Foulger, James Y. Moffat, John Nicholson, Reinhard Maeser, Charles R. Savage, George M. Ottinger, John Squires, Jr., George Reynolds, Joseph R. Sharp and Charles Sansom.

Nearly all of these men attained eminence in after life. The undersigned was more or less well acquainted with every one in the group, and could say considerable about the achievements of most of them. But I presume this is not the object of your inquiry at this time.

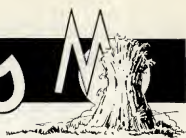
As to your question, "Did their organization help make them great or was it because they were great that they made such an organization?" This much may be said: They were great because they had the seeds of greatness in them, had at that time accomplished considerable, realized that such an organization would be the means of still further improving themselves and others who would join them, and subsequent progress proved that their surmises were correct.

If further information is desired regarding these men or this organization, the writer would be glad to furnish same. I forgot to mention the fact that only one of this group survives at the present time.

DAVID R. LYON

Salt Lake City, Jan. 24, 1935.

M Men-Gleaners



ONE of the main objectives of the M Men-Gleaner joint work is to bring about a closer social relationship between the young men and young women of this age. It is to be hoped that this contact is proving advantageous to both groups; that it is having a refining influence among the young men and is producing an ease and culture among the young women where those qualities did not exist before.

At this particular season of the year, when these groups are meeting in various social functions, it is urged that the many splendid lessons which have been taught and discussed in class will be recalled and put into action. Nothing enhances the popularity of a young man so much as his ability to play the part of a gentleman and nothing adds to the charm of a young lady so much as the culture and the refinement which comes as a result of correct social conduct.

The growing custom of young women attending dances unescorted is very deplorable. Among the members of these groups, surely it is a responsibility of the M Men to see that the Gleaners are properly attended both to and from social functions. There is no truer proof of a real gentleman than the actions of a young man in either playing the part of a good escort or arranging proper escort of others.

It is very evident all over the Church that the M Men-Gleaner Joint Work has resulted in a finer culture among our young people. Boisterous and unseemly conduct in mixed groups has been tempered by refinement. It is to be hoped that in every social function held this winter, these thoughts will be kept in mind and the great objective for which we are working will be achieved.

M Men-Gleaner Notes

AS the close of another study year in the M Men Gleaner Department approaches, it is quite natural for one to look back over the past months and evaluate the teachings received, and the lessons learned. That Dr. Lowell Bennion presented in his manual, "What About Religion," a very valuable course of study, is acknowledged by all. Its real value, however, will be determined as the truths it taught find their way into the lives of those who studied it. Abstract principles, beautiful though they may be, are worthless unless applied in human behavior.

"Life," says Overstreet in his splendid treatise entitled *Enduring Quest*, "is what takes place in one. When we listen to a symphony or see a drama, we are living a life; when we read a poem which affects us deeply, we are living."

During the leisure time of the spring and summer months now not so far ahead, would it not be profitable to review the many and beautiful religious truths studied during the past season; not only review them, but endeavor to interweave them into the warp and woof of our daily life? Thus this course of study will become really valuable in enriching our lives and making them more abundant.

As the days make up the years, so our thoughts and our actions make up our lives. In the days to come, then, let us strive to make our thoughts and actions harmonize with the lessons which have been learned during the past season.

Look to this day!

For it is life, the very life of life.

In its brief course lie all the varieties and realities of your existence;

The bliss of growth;

The glory of action;

The splendor of beauty;

The happiness of friendships;

For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision;

But today, well lived, makes every yesterday

A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this day!

Such is the Salutation of the Dawn!

—Sanskrit.

* * * * *

SPRING is in the air, and Mutual classes often suffer because of it. Gleaner and M Men presidents are put to the very test of their leadership in

interesting the young men and women in their classes. Class activities must be stimulated, for the last three months of the year are often the most difficult as far as M. I. A. is concerned. Now is the time to plan parties of different kinds. Candy pulls, hard time affairs, reciprocity parties, where the M Men act as hosts one month and the Gleaners another all help to keep class intact. The greater number of people actively engaged in planning and working out the affairs the better the spirit will be. Now is the time for class presidents to check up on the personnel of their group. It is a wise leader who sees that every member of his class has had an opportunity to participate at some kind of function or gathering. Just remember that probably the boy or girl, who apparently is least capable, will, if given a chance, measure up and come forth with the best results. Have you ever tried taking inventory of the talents of every fellow and girl in your group, making a card index of what each can do? Try it. It will not only help you in your planning, but will add to the interest and the loyalty of those in your group. Often young people refuse to recite their own accomplishments or mention their possibilities—so some night, if you have time, in one of your joint sessions, take turns having each member stand and give a brief history of the one sitting to his right. There will be a lot of hilarious fun to say nothing of the valuable information which will come from such an evening. Just remember that a good leader is not one who remains aggressive and enthusiastic when things are going well, and when everything is at topnotch spirit, but he is on the alert to find new methods and new ways of keeping his group one hundred per cent in attendance when interest wanes.



M MEN—GLEANER BANQUET MILLARD STAKE—1934

m Men



Division Chairmen

Dear Brother:

THE time for the all Church M Men basketball finals is approaching and we are very desirous of knowing that you have all the information at hand, forms, etc., for reporting. Will you kindly consider at once the following items:

1. Note inclosed blanks for eligibility data concerning your winning team which will represent you at the All Church Finals in Salt Lake City. Be sure to fill in every space therein provided, especially sweater numbers of each player and dates of attendance at M. I. A., such as December 1, 8th and 15th, etc., as the dates of their attendance at Mutual. *Doctor's certificates for each man must be attached to this blank when filled in.*

2. By return mail please inform us of the dates of your finals in your division. As has already been announced the tournament will begin March 6 at 1:30 p. m. at the Deseret Gymnasium, Salt Lake City and will continue on the 7th, 8th, and 9th. See newspapers for the exact time that you will play. *No other announcements will be made.* Report on your arrival to the Reading room of the Deseret Gymnasium not later than 12 noon on the 6th of March.

3. Arrangements will be provided for the entertainment of your team—*Eight Men*—for hotel and allowance for meals during the period that they are participating in the tournament. When a team has been eliminated, hotel for that evening and breakfast the next morning will be taken care of by the General Board. After that, participants will be on their own expense if they care to remain in the city.

No division may be represented until every team in the division has paid the \$2.00 fee set out on page 185 of the M Men Handbook and Guide for 1934-35. In many instances these fees are now overdue. If you have not already paid please remit at once.

Eight men only will be allowed to participate on each team. The coach, manager and other persons accompanying the team will be on their own expense.

4. When you register at the Reading room of the Deseret Gymnasium, March 6 at 12:00 noon, you will receive twenty passes for each team which must take care of all the passes in your division. Each member on the squad must have and present one of these passes both to get in the

dressing room and to get on the playing floor. Further particulars will be given you at the time of registration. This is your allotment of tickets for the tournament, please govern yourself accordingly.

5. Teams coming from distant places, arriving before Wednesday, March 6, please report to 50 North Main Street, where we will cooperate in providing accommodations for you. Also, we will cooperate in obtaining privileges for brief periods of practice on the Deseret Gymnasium floor.

6. Each player, participating in the tournament, together with the coach of each team will receive a participation medal provided by the General Board. The members of the winning teams will receive gold basketballs. Members of the second place team will receive silver basketballs. *The Deseret News* has provided a plaque for the first-place team and one for the second-place team.

The eligibility data concerning every team participating in the Tournament will be available at the M. I. A. Office, 50 North Main Street, for examination and inspection for every person so desiring. Any objections to the eligibility of any player must be filed with Homer C. Warner, 50 North Main Street not later than 5:00 p. m. March 5th. All players not objected

to by that time will be declared irrevocably eligible for the duration of the tournament.

This tournament will be a double elimination tourney—each team will play until they have lost two games. However, one loss will put a team out of the championship bracket; but will continue playing until they have lost two games.

Every precaution should be taken to insure safe and comfortable travel to and from the tournament.

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,
Executive Secretary.

St. Johns M Men Are Travelers

THIS M Man team for St. Johns Ward, St. Johns Stake, Arizona, represented District 12 in the 1934 M Man basketball tournament, and is making a good showing this year. Although they had traveled over 1,200 miles during the 1934 season in order to play their games, including one in Mesa and were weary when they arrived in Salt Lake City for the tournament, they made a good showing. This year, according to their coach, Guy Richie, the St. Johns team is carrying on last year's tradition in fine style.



M MEN BASKETBALL TEAM, ST. JOHNS WARD, ST. JOHNS STAKE, ARIZONA

Top row, left to right: Robert Maybin, guard; Guy Richie, coach; Jay Waite, forward; Earl Jarvis, guard;
Bottom row left to right: Nate Overson, guard; Ross Overson, forward; Edward Waite, center; Elmo Lee, forward;
Stanley Richie guard.

Gleaner Girls

175



IN the last *M. I. A. Leader* a request was made for a report on Gleaner Activities, and they are beginning to come into us.

Union Stake reports the Manual is being thoroughly enjoyed by all Gleaner Groups. The making of a Stake Treasures of Truth Book is stimulating interest in individual books. Scripture readings and short talks on the New Testament on preliminary programs are motivating the Reading Course. They are fostering two Stake Projects: A Gleaner pin for every girl, and the writing of a Gleaner Song. The following was adopted as the Stake Song for this year. It is sung to the chorus of "A Shanty in Old Shanty Town."

She's only a Gleaner in our M. I. A.

Her smile is so sweet and she's always so gay.

In an hour of need she sows a kind seed,

Like an angel from heaven she is helping you on.

Of all situations she's always a queen. It's her spirit of glory that makes her so keen.

There is always a smile from a Gleaner so fair,

She's a Gleaner in our M. I. A.

She's only a Gleaner in our M. I. A. A foundation for life she is striving to lay.

Of the books that are, she knows the best by far.

She studies the scriptures to learn how to live.

In all situations she's always at ease, She knows how to serve in a way that will please.

There is always good cheer from a Gleaner so dear,

She's a Gleaner in our M. I. A.

From Monrovia, California, comes news of their special activities. A trip to the Huntington Park Library, to see the splendid exhibition of art

there, a theatre party at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, a visit to the largest orchid nursery in the world, and two talks by doctors, are among the outstanding events enjoyed so far this year. They also expressed a keen interest in this year's course of study.

The Stake Gleaner Leader of North Sanpete Stake summarizes a report of a Stake Gleaner party by saying: "This party was one of the loveliest, finest arranged and most cultural affairs held in our Stake for a long time. We have a group of lovely girls and we are so proud of their ability and efforts."

The following song comes from a Gleaner group in Ogden. The words have been set to the tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

OUR GLEANER GIRLS

What figures those in yonder field intently bending low?

O'er rugged hills and stubble fields they wander to and fro;

Here a straw and there a straw of knowledge and of truth, They gather as they go.

They're a group of happy Gleaners, Doers they, not idle dreamers; Higher, higher rise their standards As gleaming they march on.

In fields where reapers have gone on before and gathered grain,

Like Ruth of old, our Gleaner Girls go forth their share to claim;

In every field of life they go, perfection is their aim, As gleaming they march on.

Glorious, glorious days of gleaming, Days of youth when life is teeming; Days when heaven is revealing, Our Gleaner Girls march on.

They're storing up the knowledge, casting out the thorns and chaff, Looking forth to life eternal, walking in the narrow path.

Where purity and virtue and ambition lead the way, Our Gleaner Girls march on.

Gleaning, gleaming, ever gleaming, With heavenly love their faces beaming; Earth's temptations boldly shunning Our Gleaner Girls lead on.

Dancing is a favorite activity in the German Mission. The group in folk dance costume are Gleaners of the Moabit Branch, Berlin, Germany. The group in white costumes with coronets

of flowers are Gleaners of the Branch in Vienna, Austria.

Reading Course

TO make headway in any project we must first plan our work, and then work our plan. Have you a method for putting over the reading course? A plan we recently discovered in Cannon Ward, of Pioneer Stake is accomplishing the desired results. Their efforts are directed to the New Testament mainly. At the beginning of the season the Gleaner Leader went through the New Testament to see how much reading would have to be done each month to finish by the close of Mutual. Two or three girls are assigned each week to report the following week on some incident that particularly interested them. Then the Leader gives an incident in future chapters to invite continued reading. Many of the group are so absorbed that they are way ahead of schedule.

In the 26th Ward of the same stake, they are featuring 'Heroines of Service' at the present time. One Gleaner has been chosen to supervise the reading course, and each week she assigns a girl to tell briefly interesting facts in the life of one of the women in that collection.

Community Activity

(Continued from page 170)

your experience nor your point of view can be the same as mine. Intolerance is nearly always based on lack of understanding. The so-called scientists of Pasteur's day would not have made his life so miserable had they understood. (Continued on page 191)



DANCE OF THE "DANUBE WALTZ," VIENNA AUSTRIA



GLEANER FOLK DANCE, MOABIT BRANCH, BERLIN, GERMANY

Vanguards



Scouting Vocational

By George Bergstrom, Scout Executive,
San Fernando Valley Council

NO 2. FIRST AID
(Especially recommended for
Vanguard Troops.)

SO important has become the necessity of being prepared for all kinds of emergencies, whether they be traffic accidents, calamities caused by floods or storms, panics or drownings, that the National Council has instituted lengthy intensified courses of First Aid for Scoutmasters, with the direct idea in mind that these fine leaders would take the information back and disseminate it among the boys.

Thousands of lives have been saved because some twelve or fifteen year old lad knew his first aid. The Eagle Scout is required, in addition to passing the elementary tests in roller and triangular bandages and rendering first aid in cases of drowning, hemorrhages, fainting, shock, panics, fire prevention, electric accidents, snake bites, fractures and many other kinds of emergencies, must pass the following First Aid requirements:

To obtain a Merit Badge for First Aid, a Scout must:

1. Tell what to do with an apparently drowned person, and demonstrate the prone pressure method of artificial respiration.
2. Show how to apply bandages to the head, ankle, and hand.
3. Show how to apply a tourniquet to stop arterial hemorrhage at any point:

- (a) On the upper extremity below armpit.
- (b) On lower extremity below hip joint.

4. Demonstrate how to arrest venous hemorrhage on any part of the body.
5. Show how to apply a gauze

be contaminated—that is, do it in an aseptic manner.

6. Show how to support by splints, etc., a broken arm or a broken leg so that the patient can bear transportation.

7. Explain what to do for the bite of a mad dog, a venomous snake, a mosquito, and a scorpion sting.

8. Show how to rescue an individual from contact with an electric wire.

9. Produce satisfactory evidence that he has taken advantage of every opportunity to put into actual practice his knowledge of first-aid work during a period of at least six months since becoming a First Class Scout.

L. D. S. Scouting in Britain

By Elder G. Homer Durham, Superintendent British Mission
Y. M. M. I. A.

ALONG with the ideals of freedom, good government, and fair play, the world has to thank Britain for Scouting.

1907, a man with a great idea held humble camp with a few lads at Brownsea Island. 1934, two and a quarter millions of boys with their leaders look to that spot and Baden-Powell of Gilwell as harmonizing forces for the world's good. Being permanently established in Britain, the home of Scouting, the L. D. S. Church is in a position to face a glorious future as an aid in reaching yet "undiscovered" boys of Scout age.

In *Scouting and Leisure*, a recent publication, the Chief Scout says: "How to prepare our future men and employ their enforced leisure happily for themselves and usefully for the nation is a problem which is being tackled by many." Whether to interpret signs of the times as incubus or opportunity is a grave problem, to which Scouting holds a key.

The challenge is not new to the L. D. S. Church with its program of spiritualized recreation and leisure-time guidance. With empty parish benches and long lines in front of the cheap picture-houses (Great Yarmouth, a typical small English city, has enough cinemas to accommodate the entire populace three times a week—Houses full!), leaders of the Church in Britain with other thinkers realize the next generation's necessity for knowing somewhat of its "duty to God" and the associated truths of human conduct. In *Scouting For Boys*, Lord Baden-Powell comments:

"... an organization of this kind would fail in its object if it did not bring its

members to a knowledge of religion," bespeaking harmony with the L. D. S. ideal.

438,098 boys are enrolled in Scout groups within the United Kingdom. Today five registered troops, seven in preparation for registration, 117 boys contacted by the dozen groups, is the present picture of British "Scouting in the L. D. S. Church."

It will be seen that Scouting in conjunction with the L. D. S. Church is in its infancy in Britain. But the reader must remember that this is Britain, the home of the Movement, and that the Church is alive to the need of good citizenship among its members, and that therefore, as fast as suitable halls and leaders appear, Scouting will receive the vigorous attention that is its due.

Unquestionably, Scouting in the Church has a future in the British Isles. January, 1933, the British Mission Y. M. M. I. A. Board was organized. The Second Assistant Superintendent of the Mission Y. M. M. I. A. has for his chief task, the development of Scouting in the 80 Mission Branches. This man—Elder Lewis H. Tart—is the enthusiastic Scoutmaster, nominated by a Church of England curate and seconded by another denominational clergyman, to head "Battersea Troop 33—L. D. S." He has been a Branch President for several years, knows the Church viewpoint, and is applying it in studying the great game of Scouting from every angle.

In days to come, when brother American Scouts come to this green and pleasant land in the garb of traveling missionaries, stand in the heart of Imperial Headquarters at 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S. W. 1... and before the flood-lit portrait of the Chief in the dim library, thrill as I and others have thrilled, they may so do with deeper cause. Their brother Britons of the Church will be "carrying on" in the spirit of Brownsea Island, Wembley Park, Birkenhead, Godollo—and June Conference.



L. D. S. SCOUTS, HULL, ENGLAND
dressing to a wound so that it will not



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON, NEAR IMPERIAL
HEADQUARTERS BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

Junior Girls



JUNIOR Girls are so very much alive that it sometimes taxes the ingenuity of Leaders to hold their attention in presenting a lesson. Hoping to be of service in this line the Junior Committee are submitting the following article written by Hazel Brockbank of the General Board:

The Planning of Teaching

I. *The importance of planning in teaching.* Somewhat detailed planning is generally recognized as a prerequisite for efficient performance of a task as complex as that of the teacher's. The need for planning teaching is especially urgent because the teacher is working with living materials, and the time she spends with a class is limited to a few minutes per day. It is seldom that an experienced teacher can afford to go before her class without some definite plans for the work of the period. Somewhat detailed plans are necessary for the inexperienced teacher. Usually the planning that a teacher does should be reduced to writing. A written plan can be referred to for guidance during the class period and when the advanced work is being planned. Moreover, the very act of writing out her plan leads the teacher to give more thought to the planning.

II. *What a lesson plan should include.* Writers on methods of teaching have recommended a number of different forms for lesson plans. The form is not a matter of great importance, and it will vary somewhat with the general plan of instruction.

In planning a lesson the teacher should keep clearly in mind that the student learns only through her own activity, and that the teacher's function is to stimulate appropriate learning activities and to encourage and direct those activities. Procedures for stimulating pupil purposes and learning exercises are more important.

Because the form of lesson plans is changing to meet the newer educational procedures, no single form of lesson plan can be offered as typical. Furthermore, in actual practice one finds a great variety of lesson plans used by skilful teachers. The teacher may use a bound notebook, jotting down the plans for the day on the left-hand page and recording on the right-hand page the things yet to be accomplished or any other memoranda that may seem worth recording. In this way a teacher keeps a weekly record of both plans and assignments.

The following headings may suggest.

1. Subject—The name of general subject.

2. Topic—The theme for the discussion for the evening.

3. Purpose—What is my purpose in giving this particular lesson to the girls. What changes do I want to make in their thinking and conduct through giving this lesson.

4. Initiation or introduction to the theme for the evening.

How can I set the stage so the girls will be ready for the materials I shall present or the activities they will engage in?

1. Pictures.
2. Poems.
3. Stories.
4. Anecdotes.
5. Experiences.
6. Models, etc.

5. Activities.

A. Teacher.

What shall my contribution be?

1. Reading a poem.
2. Telling experience.
3. Presenting the big problem for discussion—minor problems.

B. Student Activity.

1. Collecting pictures, poems, stories.
2. Making scrapbooks.
3. Presenting their contributions.
4. Dramatizing a phase of the lesson.
5. Discussing problems.

6. Summary and assignments.

III. *Relation of lesson planning to a manual.* Most manuals have been carefully prepared as instructional tools. The manual is explicitly divided into "lessons". The planning of lessons is greatly simplified, but efficient teaching will seldom be attained, at least by teachers of little or no experience, without some attention to the planning of the activities of the class period. Much of the content of the manual is only material on which learning exercises may be based. Consequently, appropriate learning exercises must be devised.

IV. *Following a prepared plan.* This emphasis upon the planning of teaching might imply that a plan is to

be followed somewhat slavishly. This implication is not intended. The good teacher will depart from her plan when either the needs or interests of her pupils indicate that a departure should be made. Student questions frequently direct the class discussion along lines not anticipated by the teacher. If the questions are intelligent, and if they are pertinent to the general topic, the teacher should not hesitate to allow the discussion to develop along the lines of the student's interests. Of course she should guide the discussion, and when the questions are not sensible, or when it appears that they are being asked to lead the discussion away from the assignment, she should insist that the class return to the planned topic.

V. *Method.* There are probably no best methods of teaching. The merit of a given instructional procedure as applied by a particular teacher appears to depend upon her attitude toward it. If she believes that it is a good procedure, and if she carries it out with enthusiasm, her teaching will be highly effective. If she does not like the method, it probably will not be a good one for her. Since interest in the performance of an activity is likely to be stimulated by variation, a teacher should vary her procedures. The teacher who does not vary her procedures is in danger of deteriorating. Teaching is a thinking occupation, not a routine one.

Junior Festival, Pocatello Stake

THE enclosed reading is almost self explanatory of the shadow play which was given by the Junior girls of our stake. Each part or scene was acted out in pantomime, immediately following the reading of the same by a Junior girl who stood near the stage. Appropriate music was rendered during each scene.

Scene I—My Story:

A Junior girl (dressed in old fashioned gown and bonnet) makes the shadow behind the sheet, and approaches a garden or bed of roses. She gathers and arranges them in a nearby basket. During this picture the Junior girls chorus sings "Junior Roses."

Scene II—Lands My Parents Came From:

This scene begins the Junior girls "My Story," and is pictured very much as the reading. The babies and their dolls; the school age, with jumping rope and balls; helping mother, and on to graduation.



JUNIOR GIRLS
ELYSIAN PARK WARD

(Continued on page 179)

Scouts



The Boy, His Nature and His Needs

By Philo T. Farnsworth

NO. VII. THIS THING CALLED DELINQUENCY

Editor's Comment: This is the seventh of a series of articles.

JUVENILE Delinquency is one of the favorite topics for propagandists and so-called professional reformers and volumes are being written about the subject. However, the fact still remains that we do not know the extent of delinquency in this state or nation. Our statistics are incomplete and the measure of the seriousness and the menace of delinquency can hardly be determined nor can we say whether it is appreciably increasing or decreasing among our young people.

It is only fair to say that it is one of our major problems and that some over 200,000 cases are referred each year to the courts of our nation. Of this number upwards of 3,000 are handled in Utah. We know that this number is but a fraction of all apprehended delinquency but until our records are more uniform and complete our comparisons may be odious and unfair. Conditions are of such a nature, however, that every leader of boys should feel a double urge to prevent delinquency and to foster positive, constructive activities.

From the foundational materials presented in earlier chapters let us now attempt a statement of the nature of this thing called delinquency.

Delinquency in youth may be defined as non-conformity in acts of behavior with socially accepted practice. It is as old as the history of the race and has been given varying degrees of importance by different peoples. Again delinquency may be defined as the anti-social or socially inadequate behavior of children as they acquire the experience of the race and move in a social order.

Delinquent acts are the symptoms of deeper stresses and difficulties arising out of the interaction of the individual with his social environment.

A rather rough classification of delinquent acts modified from the classification given in Burt's, "The Young Delinquent" follows:

- I. Acts involving Sex.
 - A. Offenses with Opposite Sex.
 - B. Perversions.
 - C. Obscenity.

- II. Acts involving the Emotion of Anger.
 - A. Bodily violence to persons.
 - B. Angry reactions without violence.
 - C. Violence to property.
- III. Acts involving acquisitiveness.
 - A. Stealing, burglary, begging, swindling and forging.
- IV. Acts involving the "Wander lust."
 - A. Truancy.
 - B. Running away from home.
- V. Acts involving grief.
 - A. Attempted suicide.
 - B. Threats of suicide (persistent).
- VI. Acts involving secretiveness.
 - A. Lying in all forms.

The causal factors leading to the commission of any of the above acts are not easily ascertained. It should be emphasized that the causes of misbehavior and delinquency are numerous, deep and interlocking and it is difficult to generalize upon their nature.

Each case must be individualized and studied on its own conditions and peculiarities. Care and forethought must go into the planning.

Individual case study is the only accepted method of approach and diagnosis of delinquency. Any treatment prescribed must be determined upon a thorough understanding of the child's full nature and all those factors which enter into the delinquency.

As basic principles in the treatment of delinquency the following may be stated:

1. That treatment involves complete understanding of the nature of the individual child and the factors leading up to the commission of the delinquent act.
2. That the adults who surround the child must accept their responsibility to weave into him the socially acceptable drives, each of which must be understood.
3. Let it be recognized that only in example of sincere living can a child find the dynamic impulse to develop his own standards of life.
4. There must needs be cooperative endeavor on the part of all who have to do with the child so that a consistent program which recognizes his fundamental needs and plans for meeting those needs.
5. No child should be institutionalized merely because no other solution seems to be available.

Our hope for the future lies in the concerted efforts of all who deal with the youth. The home, school and church must join in a correlated, inter-

grated program of prevention, the fundamental characteristics of which will be based upon boy nature and needs.

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Heman Ward Scores 100%

HEMAN WARD of Yellowstone State, Teton Peaks Council, reports every boy and young man of Scout age registered in Troop No. 69 with the National Council B. S. A. and every leader a trained man. Scout Executive Harald S. Alvord points with pride to this outstanding accomplishment. Congratulations Heman—Keep up the good work!



TROOP 69—HEMAN WARD, YELLOWSTONE STATE TETON PEAKS COUNCIL

Front row, from left to right: Ira Davenport, J. F. Wardell, Troop committeemen Carl Severe, Tom Quayle; Scoutmaster, G. O. Nelson, Asst. Scoutmaster, Elmo Davenport.

Second row, from left to right: Lenoid Davidson, Lynn Hunter, Wendell Cruser, Harvin Hunter, Jay McFarland, Rulon Powell, Robert Erickson, Wayne Josephson, Dale Hunter.

Third row, from left to right: Calvin Davenport, Weston Mason, Cyril Davenport, Merrill McKinn, Matt Cruser, Blaine Wardell, Clyde Davidson Ray Josephson, Duffen Severe.

Bee-Hive Girls



Our Twentieth Anniversary Week

IN the February *Era* we announced this year as our Twentieth Bee-Hive Birthday and stated that we would have further suggestions for a fine celebration. We now suggest that all over the Church the Bee-Keepers and Bee-Hive girls join in a grand celebration for one week, which we shall call our "Twentieth Anniversary Week"—May 6th to 13th inclusive. We have the following suggestions for things to do and perhaps you will think of others:

1. Start the week by taking all of your girls to Fast meeting and having as many as possible bear their testimony.

2. Ask the M. I. A. officers to permit the Bee-Hive girl to give a special number or two on the program Sunday evening, also to act as ushers. Can we not have Bee-Hive girls, in their uniforms, act as ushers at all of the meetings, entertainments, shows, etc., throughout the week?

3. Encourage every Bee-Hive girl to do a good turn daily during Anniversary Week.

4. Give a public display of Bee-Hive Handwork and Honey Combs.

5. Secure cooperation with the management of stores in having demonstrations of Bee-Hive work in the windows—handcraft, cooking, camping, first aid, etc. Remember always to safeguard the modesty of the girls.

6. Give a matinee dance with the Boy Scouts.

7. Conduct a one-day hike or outing of some kind.

8. Have every Bee-Hive girl fill a cell or earn an Honor Badge in some field in which she has a special interest.

9. And perhaps as a grand climax, end the week with the Day of the Swarm. We do recommend where possible that the Stakes plan on holding their Day of the Swarm sometime during Anniversary Week, building their program around the Birthday Celebration. (For Swarm Day exercises see page 172 *Bee-Keepers' Handbook*.)

Plans should be made immediately by Stake and Ward Bee-Keepers for celebrating Anniversary Week. The Stake Bee-Keepers should plan to feature whatever they wish to do as a Stake and the Ward Bee-Keepers should make their plans for celebration in the Ward and by each individual girl in their Swarm. Let us all cooperate together to make Anniver-

sary Week a fitting and memorable occasion in celebrating our Twentieth Birthday. We are also planning a fine celebration at June Conference, the details of which will be announced later.

We hope you will not forget the very fine courtesy that has been extended us by *The Improvement Era* Staff, of giving us additional space in the May issue. Let us have your stories, poems, pictures, sketches, etc., at once. (For details see Feb. *Era*.)

My Kitchen

Bee-Hive Girls of today are more fortunate than were the girls of the past generation, for home-making is being recognized as an art.

Bee-Hive Girls will be very busy this month in all phases of home-making. One of the first to claim her attention is that of cooking. Many world renowned women pride themselves in their cooking. It is well at first to be content with simple substantial things, such as a poached egg on toast, fluffy mashed potatoes, and well made bread.

Sewing, such as, the hem of a tablecloth and napkins, a well made button hole, a gingham dress and perfectly mended hose claim her attention. Along with the linen, she learns to set a table correctly, for what is the use of having fine linen if one does not know how to prepare and serve a well balanced and appetizing meal.

The care of young children and babies is also required in the Bee-Hive program. Bee-Hive Girls demand a study of eugenics. In her hive of life she plans every little compartment thoughtfully with essential things not to be forgotten. She includes all that is ical, mental and spiritual. Her two friends are "I Can" and "I Will."

From the Field

WHEN the announcement was made that the twelve-year-old girls were to become Bee-Hive girls, it was suggested that the Stake Bee-Hive Committee of Salt Lake Stake be increased to five members. Since Bee-Hive work includes lesson work, activity and handwork, we decided we needed this many in order properly to supervise the work and give the ward Bee-Keepers the help they needed.

The committee was increased and the work has been carried on successfully under this plan. It has provided supervisors to handle the lesson work in each of the three groups. These leaders also give suggestions for material to be put in the Honey Comb.

One of the other members supervises the handwork, including the work on symbolism. She has worked out suggestive ways of using symbols and has given to the ward patterns of many symbols. Ideas for Christmas presents were worked out and patterns sent to the wards. The other member supervises the activity work, correlating games with the guides for each group, each month and working out plans to help the girls fill Structural Cells during the Bee-Hive hour.

There has been splendid cooperation between the members of the committee. No one member works independent of the others. The work has not been too heavy for any one member and we feel we have been far more successful than when two or three tried to carry all the work.—Naoma Sorenson, Kathryn Geurts, Anna Johnson, Mary Peterson, Alice Lloyd.

Junior Girls

(Continued from page 177)

Scene III—Missionaries in my Family: Missionaries enter in twos, carrying books. A street meeting was also acted out.

Scene IV—My Journeys:

Girls act out a scene pertaining to the country which was to be represented.

For Holland they showed a tulip garden with a Dutch girl and a human windmill.

For Spain a balcony scene and dance was used, etc.

Scene V—My Friends:

The girl appears bidding goodbye to her friends, she then appears taking snapshots or pictures of scenery, etc.

Scene VI—My Hobbies:

Here the girls held a birthday party, with cake and candles lighted, etc.

Scene VII—Plains to Cross:

Hobbies brings a group of girls all properly dressed for different occasions, tennis, swimming, hike, bicycle riding, and then a scene of sewing, reading, etc. *Scene VIII—My Privileges Under the Covenant:*

Girls show some of the activities in Junior girls lives carried on in an improper way, and then the same things were pictured in the correct way.

Scene IX—Baptism for Departed Kindred:

A silhouette of the Salt Lake Temple among trees and shrubbery was flashed on the sheet while the music of "O My Father" was rendered.

Following the shadow play the mothers and daughters mixed in a social evening together.

NEW YORK HOBBY SHOW

By FRED G. TAYLOR, JR.

THE New York District M. I. A. held its first Hobby Show in the Good Citizenship Hall at Flushing, Long Island, during November. In every way it was a great success.

Saturday afternoon and evening were chosen as an appropriate time. People came and went all through the afternoon and evening. Two hundred and fifty were present at one time.

At first it was feared that busy New Yorkers had no time for hobbies, but a clever and thorough advertising campaign, under the direction of David Paine and Eva Forsberg Haglund, of the M. I. A. Presidency and their District Boards, brought out almost a hundred enthusiastic exhibitors from Manhattan, Brooklyn, Westchester County, Queens, and New Jersey, who welcomed this new opportunity for a different kind of expression and participation.

There were arts, skills, pets, games, sports, models, crafts, puzzles, magic, nature, fishing, hunting, collections, recreation, marksmanship, church history, domestic arts, photography, radio and genealogical displays among the surprising and varied exhibits.

William C. Wessel, official of the National Boy Scout Headquarters, an earnest M. I. A. worker, directed the show; Will Woolf and his boys presented a home-made one act comedy entitled, *Hobbies*, written especially for the occasion; and the Queens County Relief Society served a buffet supper to enthusiastic spectators, exhibitors and hobbyists.

Group leaders, on personally conducted tours of the hall, interviewed various exhibitors for the benefit of the crowds, bringing out evidence of great skill, thorough research and surprising discovery on the part of well informed hobby enthusiasts in such fields as cartooning, puppetry, weatherlore, astronomy, photography, travel, philately and church history.



HOBBY SHOW, NEW YORK DISTRICT, NOW NEW YORK STAKE 1934.

DR. CARL CHRISTENSEN'S copies of the first, second and third editions of the Book of Mormon were discovered; Perry Driggs' short wave radio broadcasting station W2EVV was set up; Gardell Christensen of the American Museum of Natural History, brought excellent samples of his sculpture and wood carving; Dr. De Alton Partridge, of Scout Headquarters, was present with a splendid Snap Shot and Leather Craft Display; Anthony Abruzzo, who is not even a member, gladly brought an aquarium of rare tropical fishes; William Wessel's collection of fluorescent rock, set up in a dark room back stage, was amazing to many who had never dreamed of such rare color and luminosity.

A display of "seeds from seedless grapefruit" was credited to Claude C. Cornwall, former field secretary of the M. I. A., and a collection of old razor blades to President David Paine, who when asked, "What do you do with them," admitted, "I shave with them!" One clever announcement advised, "Hobble your Hubby with a Hobby!"

Hobby

HOBBY: hobin, hoby, variant Robin—A farmer's name for horse. Archaic—a small, ambling horse; a nag; 2. a hobby-horse; 3. a favorite pursuit, plaything or topic of conversation aside from one's chief occupation or business; one's particular, favorite pastime."

The Book Corner presented literature as a leisure-time interest. The exhibit was divided into two sections to represent both appreciative and creative phases.

For those interested in reading as a hobby, there was a display of new books by contemporary writers of various countries. These books were obtained through the courtesy of the Queensboro Libraries and covered the fields of fact and fiction.

Representative of those for whom creative literature might in a sense be termed a hobby, there was a collection of writings from members of the N. Y. District. The novel, educational and scientific treatise, economics, legal briefs, poetry, and articles on summer camping, constituted these writings.

Those who contributed to this section were: Dr. Howard R. Driggs, Dr. Harvey Fletcher, attorney Ernest L. Wilkinson, Dr. Francis Kirkham, Dr. De Alton Partridge, Dr. Thatcher C. Jones, Leone Rose, Beth S. Driggs, Roscoe Grover, William C. Wessel, Dr. Carl J. Christensen, Clarence L. Stephens, Elva Moss Wessel, Alberta H. Christensen, Dr. Harold W. Bentley, William Edwards, Mrs. Elsie C. Carroll, and Dr. H. Wayne Driggs.

The success and experience of the New York District with the Hobby Show places it as a feature well up with the Annual Institute, the Con-tests, and the Green and Gold Ball. It was a happy suggestion from the General Board, and we hope to make it an annual affair.

WHAT could fill a boy's heart with true joy more than the satisfaction of making a kite so wonderfully different that he would feel compelled to sail it as close to nature as possible? How much greater would be the thrill than to sail a common five or ten cent kite from the back yard.

Last summer while nature was still at its best, I took a group of boys on an outing to the ranch of Henry Jensen. From the Jensen family we received the hospitality that only converts from New Zealand could bestow.

Mr. Jensen had several Filipino boys laboring in his beet fields and it was while there that Johnnie Aamago, Pedro Costello and Rumuns Dolyon, three of these pleasant, dark-skinned friends came and spent hours on end in the shady grove, teaching us the art of making bamboo kites as they do in the Philippine Islands.

To boys who are really interested and want to make bamboo kites I would suggest that they gather in groups. This would enable them to divide expenses and help each other.

Here are the necessities in making Philippine kites:

Ambition, a true purpose, sunny disposition, patience, a bamboo fishing pole, good sharp knives for whittling, a large ball of heavy twisted twine, at least two colors of bright colored crepe paper, home-made paste of flour and water boiled, water in pan or tub, large work table, scissors and weights (knives make very good weights), small piece of light wood to carve propeller and small piece of tin to cut wheels for airplane.

Yes, ambition heads the list, for constructing a Philippine kite is no small job.

I suggest that beginners make a glider before attempting an airplane kite. This will really teach them how to work with the materials.

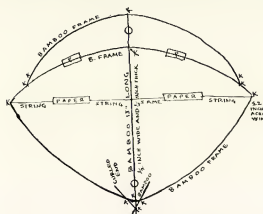
To make any Philippine kite the bamboo pole must first be split and shaved. For gliders it can be cut into before splitting. The picture shows the first boy on the

Winds of Spring

By

Jace E. Johnson

left holding a glider frame and the first little fellow sitting holding a glider after it has been covered with crepe paper. It would help if the boys would draw a diagram of the



glider frame as the picture shows, or use the one I have drawn. Gliders and airplane kites can, of course, be made any size or color, once the boys are adapted to working with the bamboo.

AFTER the bamboo has been split and measured it is held firmly between the fingers of the left hand and scraped and shaved with a sharp knife held in the other. This is the most difficult task of all and requires much time. The Philippine boys can whittle their bamboo until it isn't much thicker than paper.

FILIPINO AND AMERICAN SCOUTS
A GENUINE BROTHERHOOD



For the wings and every part that has to be shaped the shaved bamboo is dipped into water several times and gently worked into the desired form.

In the diagram I have copied the measurements from the glider in the picture. The bamboo center eighteen inches long, is over twice as wide and thick as the rest of the bamboo frame, which is only one-eighth inch wide and shaved very thin. The two little bamboo stick-ups at the bottom are just as fragile as can be made and are slightly curled at the ends, by dipping in water and curling with the fingers.

The diagram shows K—for knots. These are boy scout knots tied after the frame is securely bound with cord or twine. Tiny, tiny niches are cut in both frames before tying.

To cover kites, first lay desired color of crepe paper down flat on table, then place glider frame on top. Weight down one side of glider with knives, then proceed to cut paper around in exact shape of frame. Leave a border of one-half inch or less to turn back and paste very neatly on wrong side. Do not cut too far at once, and paste as you go. When one side is securely and neatly pasted, move weights and do other side in same way.

The small squares of paper on wrong side are of different colored paper and are useful to hold string and frame to paper on right side.

When the glider has been completely covered with crepe paper, turn it over and where the two circles are in the diagram punch small holes and tie heavy, twisted twine or cord about thirteen inches long. Then tie these two together and

fasten them to the ball of twine ready to unroll as kite sails.

How well I remember the first time I saw a huge double winged airplane kite flying. A real phenomenon, two miles skyward. At first one might have mistaken it for a real plane. But no real plane could be so beautiful or have the brilliant colors.

How, When and Why Boys Begin The Use of Tobacco

(Continued from page 158)

"Smoking is invariably associated with low scholarship."

"Experiments with the use of tobacco resulted in a ten per cent decrease in mental efficiency."

"In a study of the ratio of the actual to the expected mortality made by the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company the following ratios were found:

Total abstainers	59%
Rarely used	71%
Temperate users	84%
Moderate users	93%

A text in Biology suggests that were the effects of tobacco on the genital cells studied it is likely that the age at which the state would give the individual liberty to use it would be fifty some odd years instead of twenty-one or some younger age.

Could these positive ideals be developed earlier in the lives of our boys? Note what some of them say even after using tobacco occasionally or habitually.

In answer to the question, "Would you advise other boys, say your younger brothers, to begin to use tobacco and what is your personal attitude toward it?" one who used it steadily during a whole summer said, "No, I know what it did to me." Two who were still using tobacco said, "It is a dirty, filthy habit that gives one a sickly color and if once started is hard to quit," and "It is a bad habit and I think its use especially among juniors should be absolutely prohibited." Another said, "I would not use it again, for it disables a scout in living up to his oath." One who had used an average of ten cigarettes a day said, "I would not smoke another cigarette for \$5.00 and I would advise other boys, young and old, not to use tobacco." The following statements came from other boys who had used tobacco: "I think that if a father smokes it encourages his son to do so although the father may be very strict." "I believe that if a boy would wait until he is 21 to use tobacco, very little would be used." "If men haven't the nerve or strength of character enough to stop, somebody ought to have respect enough for women and boys to stop them."

IN addition to the above statements sixty-three reported moral effects such as it caused them to be sneaky, it caused them to lie, and some thought they were looked down upon by everyone, while others reported they felt ashamed of themselves.

The young boy is surely receptive to positive teaching. These testimonies or statements of attitude came from their real feelings. They had also noted other effects, effects upon their powers to accomplish. Fifty-one reported having noted bad effects upon their abilities to do muscular work, thirty-six upon abilities to do mental work, and twenty-three had noted bad effects upon their nervous systems.

But why does the boy smoke his first cigarette or tobacco substitute? One hundred sixty-six of the boys reported that they were led to the use of tobacco through curiosity or imitation. Thirty-nine were induced to use it by older boys, 76 by chums, 2 reported idleness as the

cause of beginning and one had the false impression that heredity was the direct cause of his indulgence.

The child is born into the world neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. He must, therefore, be made a moral being. The boy is strongly imitative and this urge appears to be responsible in most cases for the attempt to puff the first cigarette. Thirty-four per cent of the fathers of the 284 boys who had used tobacco were or had been users. This percentage was reduced to 13.3 for the fathers of the boys who had abstained completely.

The answers by the boys would, therefore, indicate that the tobacco habit is started by the use of cigarettes or tobacco substitutes; that the tendency to try smoking comes very early in life; and that curiosity and imitation are the stimuli that tempt the boy to smoke. Instruction against the use of tobacco must take these factors into serious consideration.

An Appropriate Ash Tray

(Continued from page 159)

"Acid dyspepsia is a common affection among smokers.

"Few people realize that so many ingredients in tobacco and tobacco smoke are deadly poisons. Few people know that one drop of nicotine on the unbroken skin of a rabbit will produce death. Two drops on the tongue of a dog or cat will prove fatal; moreover, fatal poisonings have occurred in man from swallowing tobacco and even from external application of strong solutions. A case was recently reported from New Haven of fatal poisoning in a baby, who had been fed from a milk bottle and milk-mixture in which some tobacco had been accidentally spilled.

Summary

FIRST: Tobacco and its smoke contain powerful narcotic poisons.

Second: It has never been shown to exert any beneficial influence on the human body in health, and it is not even included in the United States Pharmacopoeia as a remedy for disease, notwithstanding the claims that are made for its sedative effects and its value as a solace to mankind.

Third: The well-known effects of tobacco on the heart and circulation should lead one to pause and consider the possible cost of this indulgence, especially as—

Fourth: It is difficult to determine, years in advance, whether or not one is endowed with sufficient resistance to render so-called moderate smoking comparatively harmless.

Fifth: The vital statistics show that diseases of the heart and circulation are rapidly increasing in recent years, while—

Sixth: The per capita consumption has rapidly increased in recent years, while—

Seventh: In the United Kingdom, where these diseases are decreasing, there has been no material increase in the use of tobacco, and the per capita consumption is less than one-third that of the United States.

Eighth: The poetic effusions of the lovers of the weed are no safer guide than the exaggerated and intemperate denunciations of people who have idiosyncrasies against tobacco and simply hate it.

Ninth: Those who now smoke should have a thorough physical examination to determine the condition of the heart and blood vessels. . . .



JUST A COMPLEX

By MELBA ALLEN

BR-R-R-RING. Br-r-r-ing! The telephone again!

Do you know what it is to have developed a telephone complex? If so,

you can sympathize with me, if not, you will undoubtedly laugh at me when I say I hate telephones, and telephoning.

It is with a feeling of unspeakable dread that I lift the receiver and using my utmost control answer sweetly, "hello." It isn't because I'm expecting a terrible message that my reactions are such, but because of an emotional vengeance that cries eternally for fulfillment.

Little chills of hatred course along my spine as instantly and as automatically as the telephone bell responds to the Operator's stimuli. Only by an extreme effort can I keep from pouring back into the mouthpiece all the insults, embarrassments and annoyances that its mate has brought to me.

It seems utterly ridiculous, I grant you, and yet I would sooner walk a mile to deliver a message than use a telephone.

I lay my abhorrence of this harmless little instrument, not to faulty construction in the mechanism, but to the uncivil and thoughtless public that uses it.

Being born near a small town where the corner grocery boasted the only 'phone available, and that of crank-case variety, my distaste for telephoning developed early.

Besides a trip to the village, I had to accost the town-loafers. They always encircled the telephone booth and snatched hun-

grily any choice morsel of gossip that came their way. Of course, I had received my instructions at home on how to use this wonderful marvel so I gingerly applied the crank and lifted down the receiver. The response was instantaneous—so speedy, in fact, that the snarling voice almost curled my spine.

"What cha want?"

Gone was my courage, my self-composure. In despair I stuttered weakly, "Hello, hello, is this—is this—er." Woe was upon me, for I couldn't recall the name of the person that I wanted.

"Well, out with it! I haven't got all day," was the next choice response that filtered through my befuddled brain.

It's too long a story to tell, so suffice it to say that my education in the use of telephones was sadly neglected from that time on until I left home to attend High School. Neglected, because I absolutely refused to be placed in such a humiliating situation again.

My boarding-house was one of the popular kind, at least with love-sick young swains, who called their "biggest moments" at all hours of the day and night except the right ones.

One lovely afternoon I was attempting to practice my scales, having found myself in the unbelievable state of being home alone. My fingers were arrested in their awkward movements by the jangling tinkle of the telephone in the next room. Grimly I resolved that the "darn thing" could ring all day before I'd answer it. Angrily I pounded the keys in an attempt to drown out its tinkling noise, but the louder I played the more persistently it buzzed. At last, in despair, I stamped through the rooms and unceremoniously jerked up the receiver.

All that day I had to contend with it. First, an annoying, gossiping neighbor insisted on wasting fifteen minutes of my time. Second, the butcher was having a spe-

cial on old hens that could masquerade as spring fries. Third, a "demented Romeo" poured sweet nothings into my lily-white ear and then insulted me and hung up when he found I wasn't his "darling Kate." Fourth, a beauty expert insinuated that I needed my face lifted. Fifth, the police station was looking for a lost dog. Sixth, the Aid Society wanted a donation. Seventh, a lawyer threatened me with divorce. Eighth, the Telephone Company gave me the alternative of paying immediately for my telephone or having it removed. After having answered such an avalanche of senseless calls not intended for me, it was the final straw. With fiendish glee I retorted, "You can't remove it half soon enough to suit me."

THE Telephone Company accepted my challenge. Half an hour later the Landlady was lamenting the loss of one perfectly good 'phone and I (who had reveled in its removal) was tramping the streets in search of new boarding quarters.

There is just one other time I must relate, I was up town. Like the proverbial shopper, I bought more than I could carry successfully. To ease my distress, the clerk kindly suggested that I might phone someone to come and get me. Not willing to admit my pet-complex publicly I was forced to accept his offered assistance.

To my utmost dismay I found before me one of these new-fangled telephones that I had never expected to encounter. Wishing to get it over with, yet utterly bewildered about the proper way to use it, I shut my eyes and plunged.

The voice of my brother came to me, barely audible as though he were miles away. I was just congratulating myself on my unexpected success when a voice behind said, "You are holding it wrong, madam. If you'll turn it around you may be able to get your party."

Probably It's Your Legs

(Continued from page 155)

swarming hive of young, smiling, vying males, each endeavoring in his own peculiar fashion to gain the attention of the girl so delightfully cynosured—Jane! How lovely she was! How graceful! He watched her, fascinated. Just how long he didn't know, but finally she asked in a voice of velvety sweetness, "Is the second extra all right, Rulon? That is all I have left now."

Was the second extra all right! Heavens! The fifty-first would be divine. But the second extra didn't come that evening; in fact, the second extra hardly ever came. But, of course, she couldn't help that.

It was with an anticipant enthusiasm that Legs attended the next frolic—an enthusiasm that luckily enough landed him dance number five. Dance number five! He glanced at his card again to make sure that he had not made some error and could have hugged himself from sheer joy. He danced twice in consecutive succession with Mary, called her Jane quite absently seven times and then wondered why she looked at him so queerly.

One—two—three—four. With an ecstatic step Legs strode forth to claim his dance of the evening. It was an easy matter. He merely had to find the largest crowd of fellows, force his way to the center and there.

Jane smiled sweetly up at him.

"My dance, isn't it?"

She looked at the fellow standing so possessively beside her. Significantly he looked down at her. Was Rulon sure this was his dance?

He handed her his program while all of his former elation drained from his body.

That was strange! Why Gordon claimed that dance too. She took Gordon's card. Number five, wasn't it? Yes, there it was. And Gordon had arrived first, you know. Rulon wouldn't mind this time—not if she would give him number ten. That was only five dances away. And she smiled up at him so demurely expectant that he just simply had to accede.

Six—seven—eight—nine. With dubious step Legs retraced his way to claim that tenth dance that had somehow lost so much of the glamour of the fifth. The same sweet smile welcomed him; the same air of possession. She had

momentarily forgotten all about Harry, but Rulon would overlook that little faux pas (he was sure her pronunciation was erroneous) if she would give him number fourteen sure. He wouldn't forget, would he?

Forget! Bah! If she preferred that shellacked, baby-faced, tinkled-toed nit-wit, it was all right to him. He found number fourteen and opposite wrote the name, Daisy. He hadn't even spoken one word to that individual during that evening, but he had that dance anyway.

Eleven—twelve—thirteen. He sat them all out, nursing this latest infraction with the salve of self-pitying consolation. As soon as the last note of the waltz sighed dreamily through the hall, he was half way across the floor seeking Daisy. He simply had to find her.

"So you didn't forget, did you, Rulon? I knew you wouldn't."

Jane smiled up at him with such an air of demure expectancy that he momentarily forgot all about Daisy—forgot all about his newly made resolutions too. She surely was lovely when she looked like that.

"No." Something seemed to clamp down tight inside him. He paused reflectively. "Let me see. Number fourteen, isn't it?" He ran an acid-stained finger down a program of names. "Number fourteen. Oh, yes. I momentarily forgot. I promised that one to Daisy. I was going to tell you—but—you know how things are. Maybe I could have another?"

"I'm sorry, Rulon. I have all of the rest." And she smiled up at him as sweetly as ever. He wished she hadn't. It almost spoiled his whole act. But, then, girls like her were like that.

ON the following Monday, doggedly determined to forget all about Jane and rankling with resentment, he glanced casually up at the list of the term's honor students, merely to assure himself that the committee on scholarship had remembered him correctly. The accustomed name failed to greet him from its usual place—the accustomed name, Rulon Bolton, ranked second—and in its place the name, Jane Marylin Lovelace, reposed graciously. He stared a moment incredulously, but Jane Marylin Lovelace still smiled graciously down upon him. It was an easy matter to explain—an easy course—sentimental profs.

—and a girl who had a way with her. The old, old story.

He flipped his lab. manual open. "Get the apparatus out," he snapped.

"Now, see here, Rulon. I'm not going to be anybody's dog."

"Dog!" Legs whirled viciously. "Dog! I'll say you won't. You don't know enough to be a dog."

"Tommy's hands clenched; his face grew red—then white. 'You're . . .'"

"Rulon, I'd like to see you in the office." It was Monson, the chemistry teacher. He closed the door behind them.

"There is something I wish to say to you, Rulon. You can take it as advice, or you can forget all about it. Suit yourself. You are a wonderful student, Rulon, wonderful. You have a very fine chance of making your own mark in the world, unless you keep on making a mountain out of your little petty grievances. It's one thing to tie oneself up in a world of selfishness; it is quite another to place oneself on a social par with his fellow students. Any fellow can get up in the air over any little thing, but it takes a man—a gentleman—to learn the true difference between repartee and contemptuous sarcasm, to be able to pass over little points of friction gracefully and to master himself. That is the main thing—Master Yourself! The way you are going now you will end up by being an ignorant, selfish cad. That is all."

Legs sat with bowed head. The world swam before his eyes. "An ignorant, selfish cad!" That was what Monson had called him. "An ignorant, selfish cad!" Who was Monson? That was what he would like to know. Yes, just what was he? An underpaid, second-rate chemistry teacher. Again that enmity welled up within him—almost overpoweringly. It throbbled at his temples. It pulsed at his repertoire of vociferous adjectives. He wanted to yell at Monson—to yell that it was none of his business. But he didn't.

"Thank you," he said sharply and slammed the door shut behind him.

He didn't stop in the chem. lab. He couldn't.

Finally, his rancor somewhat abated, he felt ashamed of himself for having let his beastly temper get the better of him. He had acted the part of a little, spoiled child. And anybody could act

that way—but anybody couldn't master himself. It took a man to do that. Master himself. Monson was right. Books didn't count for everything. They merely served a purpose—were a means to an end. It took intellect, education, plus social prestige to become a real success in life. And Monson had said that he had a fine chance.

HE had worked hard on that last school outing. And now when everything had been so carefully planned and those plans so successfully carried out, in part, he had quite regretfully passed his responsibility over to Tommy. He simply couldn't go on that outing. He couldn't get the spirit of the occasion at all.

Listlessly he watched the last truck fade from view and heaved a sigh of relief. It was a lot of work and worry to put anything over. A step sounded behind him and a pleasant voice asked regretfully, "Has the last truck really gone, Rulon?"

Good grief! Jane! And she had been one of the first to arrive. "It rather appears so."

"And I wanted so much to go, Rulon." Wistfully her eyes followed the direction taken by that last truck.

"Well, I just don't know what you are going to do about it. You were here early enough, and you surely knew that was the last truck. There's walking—and then you might possibly bum a ride. It seems to be quite the thing among young ladies of fashion."

"Aren't you going, Rulon? Surely you'll have to go."

He had been expecting it. She wanted to ride up in his father's nice, new, big car. She was too good for the truck. It was girls like her that made him sick.

"No, I don't. . . ." he paused. "Why, yes, I believe I shall."

Three blocks from Legs' home reposed tranquilly a pond of runny, oozy mire. This the little model T "bug" hit at full speed. A shower of viscous slime, and Legs glanced at the bedaubed girl seated beside him. It couldn't have worked better. Then with a burst of noise that sounded only slightly worse than a rock going through the separator of a threshing machine they followed the way of the trucks.

But if Legs had intended to dampen her spirits, he was sadly disappointed. She talked about

rocks, trees, authors, books, beaux, her favorite teachers and even advanced a couple of theories on how to end the depression, while Legs' expression, to all appearances, showed clearly he was bored stiff.

Suddenly without the least warning the car came quietly to a complete stop and no amount of coaxing had the least effect. Legs looked at Jane questioningly; she smiled up at him.

"The same old complaint. I know. We're out of gas."

Inconveniencing Jane, he jerked up the seat. No, that wasn't the cause. Then he cranked—cranked until large blisters came on his hands and larger ones on his disposition, with his only recompense a disgustingly empty sigh. He checked the spark plugs, the timer, everything he could with the tools at hand and still that empty sigh persisted. He sat in the seat beside Jane, stumped.

"Don't you really know what's the matter, Rulon?"

He felt like pulling his hair and yelling, but he only answered a vicious "No!" and slumped even farther down in his seat, scowling deeply.

"It—it couldn't possibly be that, could it, Rulon?" He followed the direction indicated and glared at the offending key ruefully.

"You—you—did—that?" He choked it out haltingly.

His crank-blistered, grease-blackened hands, his sun-blistered, grease-stained face, his grease-smear shirt and white flannel pants, his over-taxed disposition, he took them all into cognizance and compared that effect with that of a few paltry splashes of dried mud. Then he laughed loudly.

"It—it isn't a laughing matter, Rulon."

"No? It isn't your idea of a joke at all, is it?"

"I—I—she fingered her handkerchief nervously, "I wanted to ask you something."

"Ask me something? Well, there's one consolation. You won't be able to damage anything else, at least, not much."

All of a sudden she became intensely interested in the hills on the far side of the car. "I—I think I know the answer now. You might as well drive on." And the way she said it. . . .

Tears! There were just two things in the world he simply couldn't stand, and a tearful wom-

an was both of them. He cranked the car. Paused. "Well, what is it?"

"Why have you avoided me, Rulon?" All coquetry had vanished, leaving just a tearful, little weebegone girl.

"And you missed the trucks and made all of this mess just to ask me that?"

"Uh-huh."

He looked at her a moment, thoughtfully. "You like me, Jane. Why?"

She smiled slyly up at him. "Probably it's your legs. They are rather unique, you know."

And you may be sure, Jane's escort to the dance that night was a much rejuvenated "Legs."

Trees of the Bible

(Continued from page 147)

there existed extensive forests of oaks, for in Isaiah 2:13 it states: " * * upon all the cedars of Lebanon, that are high and lifted up, and upon all the oaks of Bashan." In the fields of Mamre, near Hebron, is an oak known as the Oak of Abraham for under its boughs Abraham is reputed to have pitched his tent and erected an altar unto the Lord. People were buried in the shadow of oaks, for in I Chron. 10:12 we are told: "They arose, all the valiant men, and took away the body of Saul, and the bodies of his sons, and brought them to Jabesh, and buried their bones under the oak in Jabesh, and fasted seven days."

The elm tree is probably one of the interpretations of the Hebraic translation of the oak, but elms are only once mentioned in the Bible in Hos. 4:13. The "terebinth" or "teal" being another interpretation in the Revised Version meaning the Turpentine tree which enjoys great longevity and was early used for the extraction of its oil.

The Hebrew word "libneh" is translated to mean poplar, but in the Revised Version it would seem to indicate that this was, in reality, the storax tree, but both trees are common to Palestine. The poplar mentioned in Genesis is no doubt the white poplar.

It is interesting to speculate on all the colorful events, the human sorrows and joys, the romance and the drama, which has been witnessed by some of the venerable trees that are still living, and if they could but speak how strange would be their message.

The Bogey Man of South Africa

(Continued from page 149)

"Smith hails from Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A., and he has as many fans as Bennie Ostler does at Newlands. When Smith goes to the pitcher's mound there is a cheer and when his supporters have seen him smite a ball or two over the fence for a home run they regard their afternoon at Rosebank as well spent.

"On Saturday he got his customary home run. For several innings the Province batters had been dealing with the Natal pitcher with caution. Then in the eighth inning Dalton decided to give the Province substitutes a chance. The first who came to bat was Perry Elliot. Having nothing to lose, he swiped—and connected. The ball sailed high over the fence.

"The Province batters looked at each other. They must not let themselves be put in the shade by a substitute. Converse, the American Vice-Consul, came to bat. He swung and missed. The next ball sailed off his bat on the same trail as Elliott's home run. The score tied. Then came Smith! The first ball he got he banded right over the trees into the Alma cricket grounds next door. After that Natal changed pitchers. But they lost the day."

Any prince might well be thrilled to see the winning swat cracked from the bat of a Mormon missionary.

Again the *Cape Times* gave picture evidence of dignitaries greeting baseball teams—and "Stan" Smith. A month later the Governor General, the Earl of Clarendon, shook hands and congratulated Smith and the Western Province team for their good work against the strong Transvaal team. And such things as these are almost weekly occurrences.

THE press is one hundred percent for "Stan." Here is one of several like announcements: "Hear 'Stan' Smith." And then this follows: "Baseball players in the Western Province Leagues, and sportsmen as a whole, will rally to hear 'Stan' Smith, the outstanding baseball pitcher, speak. 'Stan' left his home in Salt Lake City some time ago as a Mormon missionary. For diversion and to keep physically fit, he began playing

baseball and his pitching brought him Province honors.

"Being young and possessing outstanding athletic ability, 'Stan' has achieved a wonderful degree of popularity which is well deserved. He has consented to lecture for us on 'Religious Ideals' at the Railway Institute on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. If 'Stan' is as convincing from the platform as he is from the pitcher's box his success is assured."

And "Stan" held a great meeting that night. His whole baseball career is certainly worth an announcement like the above. It swings the doors of friendship wide open. How many of his admiring audience he impressed can never be known.

The English speaking population of South Africa is not the only one which proclaims "Stan's" achievements. People of other nationalities have taken a liking to him, and particularly the Dutch of that far-off province. All of the Dutch newspapers of South Africa have something to say about this Mormon lad as well.

Yes, this is missionary work supreme, for behind the lure of his athletic ability, is the fine, clean, attractive character of "Stan" himself. Those who are led to him because of his honor and glory on the field, find that this first attraction vanishes in the charm and delight of a deeper, more gripping friendship which "Stan" commands, by reason of his clean life, his modest example and his religious ideals.

But all of his missionary life is not involved in baseball. This activity occupies but a few short hours in his program—just enough to set ajar the door of good will and friendship. After that the real work begins. It is represented in the program which he sent his father in a recent letter. Among other things he writes:

"Believe it or not, Dad, but only our spare time is put into baseball, and we don't have much of that. Here is my daily program:

7:00 a. m. Out of bed with a bit of a struggle.

7:30 a. m. Breakfast, morning classes and study.

10:00 a. m. Out tracting until noon. It's great!

1:00 p. m. Dinner. It comes none too soon.

1:30 p. m. Study, correspondence, writing articles, etc.

3:00 p. m. Visiting Saints.

5:00 p. m. baseball practice Tuesday and Friday only. Other days are spent in tracting.

8:00 p. m. Visiting investigators. Most interesting!

10:00 p. m. To bed. And am I glad to get there!

"Our baseball games come on Saturday afternoon and so that doesn't interfere with our regular missionary work. I ask you now, Dad, do any missionaries do as much work as we do without playing ball? We are leading in Books of Mormon distributed each month, and are close to the top in the number of baptisms per hundred missionaries. Our missionary work is up to par, and besides that we have made scores of friends through baseball. What do you think?"

We think it's great! It's the way of missionary work—first, an attraction, second, a conversation, third, a friend, and finally a convert. This is the formula, and "Stan" is following it to good advantage, but in a unique, new way!

Romance of Two Cities (Continued from page 153)

less Nana-aha celebrates his betrothal, the City of Lehi-Nephi will groan under heavier burdens than before; and Isaac with his family and Miriam will be tortured for conspiracy."

Zena clutched at her throat; her face blanched.

"Tell me," she whispered shrilly, "to whom shall he be betrothed?"

"To Zena, Daughter of Jared." "No, no," the girl cried wildly, "Grandfather would never give me to a Lamanite."

"Quiet!" Bithna demanded, then added, "Jared is no more and Isaac had promised."

The girl's hands flew to her head—she turned drunkenly:

"And for this you saved me!" David, who had watched keenly put out his arm to steady her.

"I shall kill Nana-aha," he said, in defiance to what he saw in Bithna's eyes.

"No more talk," Bithna suddenly became stern. "We must haste before the storm passes or we shall leave tracks."

Swiftly and silently they followed her into the forest.

(To be Continued)

Book of Mormon as Translation English

(Continued from page 141)

phrase not contained in the Authorized version or Hebrew version. The phrase in question is "and upon all the ships of the sea." With this phrase the Septuagint agrees and it is perfectly easy to explain on the basis of the Book of Mormon reading's being the original why our present Hebrew text has but two phrases. According to the Book of Mormon the original had three phrases all beginning with the same words, "and upon all." But a perfectly natural error some scribe's eye inadvertently hit upon the second "and upon all," and the first phrase was omitted. It is interesting to note that the Septuagint version has preserved the first phrase of this verse correctly, has omitted one phrase and has corrupted another. The Hebrew has preserved the last two phrases correctly, but the Book of Mormon has preserved all three.

II Nephi 13:9 (compare Isaiah 3:9). In this rather remarkable illustration we shall deal only with the first sentence. The Authorized version reads, "The shew of their countenance doth witness against them; and they declare their sin as Sodom they hide it not." Contrast this with the Book of Mormon which reads, "The show of their countenance doth witness against them, and doth declare their sin to be even as Sodom, and they cannot hide it." The Nephite version has a change in meaning. The ancient Syriac version agrees exactly with the rendering of the clause, "and they cannot hide it" of the Book of Mormon. Furthermore, in our present Hebrew text, it is possible by shifting the last letter of the second verb before the following word, to get precisely the reading of the Nephite scripture for the part of the verse in question. It is possible, too, that a letter of the Hebrew text has dropped out as some scholars may insist. At any rate who can deny the strong evidence of translation at this point in the Nephite text? Few will be likely to deny that the Nephite version has an attractive reading.

Compare II Nephi 13:12 with Isaiah 3:12. Here the Authorized version has a reading, "As for my

people" as against the Book of Mormon, "And my people." If the last letter of the Hebrew text of verse 11 is placed in front of the first word in verse 12 we have precisely the Book of Mormon reading, as in the previous case. Here is another sample of wrong word division which the Prophet Joseph Smith corrected and only a translator could reasonably do this. If it be argued that by moving the last letter of the Hebrew of verse 11 we thereby leave a mutilated text we simply point out that the Book of Mormon makes clear that the verse is corrupt. So also verse 10. Let the scholar compare the Nephite renderings of these verses and compare them with the present Hebrew texts or the Authorized version. The comparison is not likely to make us blush for the Book of Mormon.

PERHAPS enough examples of probable translation in the text of Isaiah in the Book of Mormon have been cited. We may say in passing that the Nephite text has unmistakable likenesses in many instances to either the ancient Greek or Syriac or Latin versions where it differs from the Hebrew. This is a curious fact but one easily explained on the basis of our contention that Joseph Smith was translating an ancient text of Isaiah. In a forthcoming Master's thesis being worked out under my direction, Principal H. Grant Vest of the Vernal Seminary, will make a rather full presentation of the facts pertaining to the text of Isaiah in the Book of Mormon.

Now we turn to parts of the Book of Mormon that cannot be checked by the ancient versions for evidence of translation. When I say the English of the Book of Mormon is translation English, I simply mean it is not English freely

composed but is rather that type of English that would be produced by a translator who frequently follows the original too closely, the syntax of which is thus made plain in the English dress. In other words I hold the English of the Book of Mormon often betrays a too literal adherence to an apparent Hebrew original. Let us call it Hebrew-English. Hebrew idioms in the Book of Mormon have been noted by others, notably Thomas Brookbank, but apparently the full significance of them has been missed.

Jacob 5:2. "Hearken, O ye house of Israel, and hear the words of me, a Prophet of the Lord."

The second clause is apparently a too-literal translation of a Hebrew noun in the plural with a possessive suffix. Translate "and hear my words." The Prophet Joseph Smith had the correct idea but was unaccustomed to translation, coupled with which was lack of formal training in English.

The Book of Mormon follows generally the Hebrew custom of stringing out numerals. "And it came to pass that two hundred and thirty and eight years had passed away," Jarom 13; "and it came to pass that two hundred and seventy and six years had passed away," Omni 3; "and it came to pass that two hundred and forty and four years had passed away," 4 Nephi 40. Consult Genesis 5 where the same constructions can be noticed.

The construct state as described in Hebrew grammars seems apparent in Book of Mormon syntax.

"The construct relation corresponds most nearly to the relations expressed by *of* in English, in all its many senses: e. g., the palace of the king, the son of the father, a ring of gold. . . . This relation though usually, is not invariably expressed by *of*. The point is that the . . . words together make up one idea." Davidson-McFadyen, Hebrew Grammar, pp. 58, 59.

Book of Mormon examples: I Nephi 4:24, "the plates of brass" rather than "the brass plates," Mosiah 21:27, "plates of ore;" Alma 37:2, "plates of Nephite." In Mosiah 20:15 we have "the daughters of my people."

The expression "daughters of my people" occurs in the Old Testament but this is not exactly as the Book of Mormon has it. In Mosiah 12:33 we have "the mount



STUDENTS VISITING THE HOLY LAND

of Sinai" where we should expect "Mount Sinai" if the Prophet were following the Authorized version. The Prophet puts the expression in the construct state (and correctly enough) whereas the Authorized version never does. 2 Nephi 4:32, 33 "the gates of thy righteousness," "the robe of thy righteousness." It is true that many expressions in the construct state in the Book of Mormon are found exactly the same in the Bible or nearly so. This of course in no way vitiates my general argument. The latter is bound to be cumulative throughout for no one exhibition of Hebrew usage in the Book of Mormon proves my case. But when many cases of exact Hebrew grammatical constructions are exhibited it begins to be evident that the Book of Mormon is something other than "prayer book" or "half-Semitic." Nephi 17:51 we have the too-literal rendition "how is it that he cannot instruct me, that I should build a ship?" Translate "How is it that he cannot instruct me to build a ship?" Other example, 1 Nephi 1:11; 2:2; 3:24; 8:8, 13; 14:28; 17:36; 3 Nephi 19:16; Alma 11:2, etc.

We conclude this article by pointing out several expressions noted by Thomas Brookbank that seem typical of Hebrew usage in the Book of Mormon.

I Nephi 18:6—"And it came to pass that on the morrow, after we had prepared all things, much fruits and meat from the wilderness," etc. Here "all things" must mean "sufficient" as in Genesis 33:11 where the Authorized version reads, "and because I have enough." The Hebrew reads literally, "and because I have all (things)." See also II Nephi 6:3; Mosiah 26:38; Helaman 8:24.

The Hebrew "A man of words" equals "eloquent man." See Exodus 4:10 (Hebrew text). Compare Mosiah 27:8 "And he was a man of many words, and did speak much flattery to the people." Translate "and he was an eloquent man," etc. See Helaman 2:4.

In Hebrew "Steal the heart of" equals "deceive," "dupe" or "win over" in the intellectual sense. See Genesis 31:20 (Hebrew text); 2 Samuel 15:6.

Compare Mosiah 27:9—"And he became a great hinderment to the prosperity of the church of God; stealing away the hearts of the people." Translate "Deceiving

the people," etc. See also Alma 39:4—"yea, she did steal way the hearts of many."

In presenting the case for the Book of Mormon as translation English we have presented but a few of the high points in its favor. From these, however, it is apparent that a far stronger case can be made out for the Book of Mormon as translation English than can be made for the Four Gospels as translation Greek as seen in the work of certain scholars such as C. C. Tor-

rey of Yale University. It is my hope that non-Mormon scholars will attack the problem without undue prejudice and help or stimulate Latter-day Saints to greater efforts in the study of the Nephite record. A critical commentary on the Book of Mormon is sadly needed. Perhaps the Department of Religion of the Brigham Young University can some day supply one. But much study and research will be necessary before this can be done.

Marigolds Love The Sun

(Continued from page 138)

And longer ago—when Gordon had been Babs' special boy friend—his talk of far places and big new jobs had sounded exciting and fine. Reina had felt immensely flattered when all his attention had switched to her. The other men she knew had sunk to insignificance with their puny routine of selling or figuring.

Perhaps she should have run away from him then, left him to Babs. Babs might have enjoyed this high, thin isolation. Certainly she would have made a different place of the cabin, peopling the walls and furniture with creatures of her own bright designing, and gathering everyone from dour Mr. Sampson to silent Bill Crawford about her lamplit table for fierce and delighted quarreling. But oh, at that far time, how it would have torn Reina's heart to shreds if Gordon had loved plain little Babs in preference to her golden self!

THE sky had been darkening steadily. Now a swift pattern of rain called Reina back to herself and the need to turn toward home. Five minutes later the downpour came, drenching her head and shoulders. But the rain brought no cooling relief. Moisture steamed up about her head, suffocatingly. Then a sharp chill shook her very bones and sent the car careening under uncertain fingers. Contours about her were dim and fluid; a shadowy cloud was just behind her, reaching. It required the most painful concentration to maintain steady going, for she kept wanting to turn off the engine and close her

eyes for just a minute or two. Getting home seemed remote, impossible, not worth trying for.

In retrospect that ride seemed longer to Reina than the days and weeks that followed. The road tugged backward at the wheels and the more she increased her speed the less progress she seemed to make. The last half mile was an eternity of effort, with each tree and stone a separate goal to be strained after.

There was no fire in the stove, of course. Nothing hot to drink. No place to thaw her chilled and aching feet. Reina dropped heavily into a chair, feeling again the steamy waves surging from her wet body.

Mechanically she noted a small bundle just inside the door. She kicked at it, then began to laugh uncontrollably. It was Mrs. Crawford's marigold plants! "I wonder," she gasped, "if she'll leave cucumbers this summer, and expect me to make all her twenty-seven salads."

Almost immediately things began to clarify in her head. She could reason now with lightning ease. She must go at once to San Francisco. She had no more chance here than those marigolds would have back under the pine tree. She would simply fade and die, and it wasn't any use.

There was a southbound evening train out of Weston. Reina was on it, looking very flushed and bright-eyed, but otherwise composed. Inwardly, too, she felt serene and right. Gordon would be glad she had come away in time, while she could still fall back on the old ways with the same glad abandon—not huddle back shrinking and broken to confess her failure, and his. And he would not miss her seriously, Gordon was too engrossed in his work to care greatly about any woman—he had

proved that. Perhaps he would find another in time, who would do just as well. His affair with Babs had shown how easily satisfied he was. Darling, homely Babs! Clever and brave—oh, sweet for a girl to love; but a man like Gordon usually looked for more.

It was right, too, the thing she had done with those marigolds, although it had been miserably hard to accomplish out there in the rain. But she would write Gordon to go out under the dark blue pine and watch them dying there without the sun. Then he would understand. There had been eighteen lacy little plants. She had taken great pains to set each one firmly separate, just as she had seen Mrs. Crawford do—under the low spreading branches of the tree. Gordon would know, when they drooped in their snug little rows, how right she had been; and how she could not make the wood fire or ginger tea, and how hard it was to stoop to pick up all her wet things from the floor but she had not wanted to leave things in a puddle for him to find. . . It'll be dangerous to go to sleep. . . Stay awake. * * *

BABS was alone in the apartment when that strange fumbling at the door roused her from her drawing board. Her short, pretty legs were hunched on the rungs of the stool; dabs of miscellaneous color smeared her hands and smock; her blunt, knobby, sweet little face was in curious contrast to the elegant figures that preened from her board.

"The door's unlocked—come on in," she called absently. Then, as the vague, feeling noises continued, she opened it herself.

"Hello," said Reina with a brilliant, eerie smile. "It didn't work, darling. Call up Max for me and ask if I can have my old job back."

Then she walked very carefully to the sofa, threw back the scarves and cushions and lay down with her hat still on, closing her eyes. * * *

QUEEN, child, can you see me, honest, and hear me too?" Gordon's voice was very low and it held a hint of laughter, as a man's will if he is close to tears. "Darling, I should have known you were ill that day when I left you there alone. Forgive me, Queen!"

Reina was glad to be able to

understand at last all this talk that had been going on about her for so long. "Of course," she said. Then, because her voice sounded queer, she repeated it several times in varying tones, and laughed. "Of course."

She was much better now. Strength flowed into her with each new detail of recognition and remembrance.

"I'm sort of hungry," she remarked, and then Gordon really did cry.

The nurse beamed as she brought a very small cup of thin broth, and allowed Gordon to feed her. "She's all right now. She'll be as well as ever in a week or two."

"She'd better," Gordon said. Then, leaning close, "Make it one week, Queen. I can't stand it up there without you."

Reina studied the ceiling very intently for long minutes. Then she said simply, "I may as well say it now, Gordon. I'm not going back again. Didn't you know that I came away for good?"

When he made no answer, she went on, "It was killing me by inches. I—I won't go back. You can't make me go!"

"I'll never try to make you go, dear."

"I suffered every day and every day, until—"

"Don't talk. You won't have to, any more."

"Stop babying me! I'm not so sick but that I mean it."

"I mean it, too, Queen."

She saw then that he really did.

She had forgotten something she had meant to say, and now the nurse was sending him away. Wait! Here it was!

"Look under the blue pine," she told him, "then you'll know, Gordon."

Reina came back to the apartment when she was able, and resumed without question her old intimate attitude toward the girls. She did not mention going back to work immediately, for Elsa Howard who had taken her place as a model at Maxine's, was living now with Babs and Alma; and Reina was not certain that Maxine could keep them both during the dull part of the spring season. Besides, she was still rather thin and weak, and was quite willing to spend her mornings in bed and her

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afternoons drifting about to familiar haunts, renewing old acquaintances.

ELSA HOWARD was a lovely, fragile girl, scarcely more than a child, with great wide eyes and a child's sensitive mouth. When she thought no one was looking, her mouth was often set in a tight line, as if to control its quivering. Her mother had recently married again and gone abroad, Babs said, and Elsa was inconsolable. She sometimes sobbed in her sleep, though during the

days she was controlled and silent, and painfully independent of the others' hardy willingness to cheer her. The slightest attention made her fidgety—a thoroughly poor model, Reina was certain. Yet it would be beastly, now, to take her job away. She would look about for another place.

Through perfect late-spring days, Reina drifted back to glowing health; borrowed clothes from the girls, walked through the park—hauntingly beautiful in May, accepting casual invitations for the crowds and places her soul had hungered after for so long.

Then, with critical interest, she began to note that her position had undergone a subtle change. The girls regarded her as one slightly different in experience and interests, even at times they altered the note of their amusing chatter when she entered.

It was early June, after she had "been the rounds" looking for work and had found everywhere the same idleness preceding the fall season, that she said to Babs one evening, "I think I shall ask Max to take me back. Do you suppose he would?"

Her eyes inscrutable in her gnome-like face, Babs responded, "Of course she would if you were to ask her. You're the best model she ever had. But it would put Elsa out of a job. Had you thought of that?"

"She's no good as a model, is she, honestly?"

"She's getting better. Max would have fired her if she didn't do."

"Well, really," Reina was faintly annoyed, "if Max wants me more than she wants Elsa, is it my noble duty to stand by and starve, so that little sister can have my job?"

"Gordon sends you enough. Elsa couldn't get work anywhere else right now, and she really needs to be working. She's most frightfully unhappy. And by the way, how long do you expect to stay down here? Forever?"

Reina leaned back against the cushions, stretching her arms and her sleek, slim legs to their farthest reach. Then she curled up again, murmuring almost to herself, "Marigolds love the sun."

She had not expected Babs to understand that. The reply was a real surprise.

"Yes, and Elsa loves a mother to baby her, and your Mrs. Crawford loves the footlights and probably deserves them! And Gordon loves love and companionship and peace for his work! And I—I've loved Gordon since I was knee-high! But life isn't all prize packages, my dear."

Reina was stunned into thoughtfulness. After long, awed minutes, she asked low, "Why don't you tell him so, Babs?"

Babs' words jabbed like little daggers. "Because I gave him up for good when you gave up Maxine's, and I'm not sneaking back the first good chance I see! And because, for some dim reason that's hard for me to grasp, he seemed to prefer you."

Then, noting Reina's white and stricken face, she continued more kindly, "I only wanted you to see that you aren't the original little flower that failed to get the choicest spot in the garden. You're just making more fuss about it."

Shrunk and frightened, Reina asked, "Is that the way you all have been feeling about me, all this time?"

"Everyone, I guess, feels the same way about a quitter."

"And Gordon—is he disgusted, too? If I ever did go back and try to play the game a little better, do you suppose he'd want me now?"

"I hope he doesn't!" shouted Babs without pity. "I hope he darn well throws you out!" She was speaking rapidly, with a challenge. But frank tears streamed

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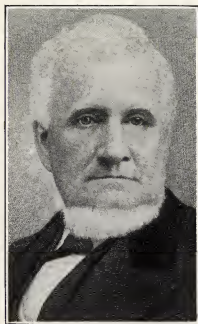
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down her odd, crumpled little face as she finished, "He won't though. He'll give up his job and his career and his whole glorious life so that you can have your little playthings, if you ask for them. You're the deadly type that holds them spell-bound. You can do anything with him—anything—for better or worse—and you choose to do this . . ."

"I'm licked, Babs. Shut up."
"I won't!" wept Babs, and smoothed the bright gold head that was suddenly buried in her lap.

GORDON'S calmly glad reception was the most beautiful note of Reina's coming home. He gave no room for craven apologies, or the shamed tears that had scalded behind her lids whenever she had dared picture the place she had made for herself in his eyes. He was joyous, thankful, but not greatly surprised. It was as if her arrival had been merely on an earlier train than the one expected.

If only she need not face the others, after these ignominious months! Mrs. Crawford—the scorn she must feel!

"We're going over to the Crawfords' for a big homecoming dinner," Gordon was saying, at that very moment. "Little Missis is delighted that you're to be here again. I wish you could learn to like her, Queen. She's quite a person, and very fond of you."

"Why, I do like her!" Reina almost gulped. "I've loved her from the first." It seemed a most truthful thing to say.

"You're going to like it down there next year," he glowed confidently. "I picked out a peach of a spot for our house, with room for all the flowers you'll want."
"Flowers?" she repeated curiously.

"Sure. Don't imagine I've been neglecting your garden out here. Sweet child, to plant them when you were so ill! I've had more joy out of those few little plants than anything you could have left for me. I sort of knew you'd be here when they bloomed. And you're just in time."

"How did you know, when I didn't write?"

"You didn't need to write, Queen, I knew *you*. And after what you said in the hospital about the blue pine, and then what Babs wrote of all the sweet plans you

were making for us after you got well. . ."

"Let's go and look at the flowers," Reina cried.

Only three of them had grown, out under the blue pine—the strongest ones. But these had incredibly tall, fragile, reaching stems and palest yellow blooms of startling beauty.

"Mrs. Crawford is quite jealous of them," Gordon was boasting, his arm tight about her. "Hers bloomed too soon, and grew only about half as tall, and darker colors. Yours don't get much sun here, and it seems to make them different—more character to them. Whew!"

He took his arm away, leaving a wet trail on her dress. "I mustn't crush you, child, though it's hard to keep from it. Another beastly hot day, isn't it?"

"Is it? I honestly hadn't noticed."

Reina's eyes lingered on the flowers on their tall, proud stems. Unconsciously her body straightened, lifted a little. She put her arm about her husband and moved toward the house.

Community Activity

(Continued on page 175)

stood his experiments. Yet his experimentation developed the facts from which he was able to state the scientific principles that underly much of our present knowledge of life and disease germs.

So in our *mutual* improvement work let us strive not only to *give* for our betterment but also that we may *receive* the gifts of others. Let us make use of all the forms of speech: conversation, story telling, the drama, and public address. May we not begin with the commonest form—that of conversation—and become conscious and determined in our efforts to think clearly and concisely, choosing the word and the phrase that suits our particular meaning. Try this for one day—"Think as if your thoughts were audible." A conscious effort to improve conversation will go far toward improving public address and what we say *will* then make a difference.

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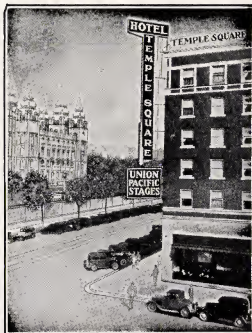
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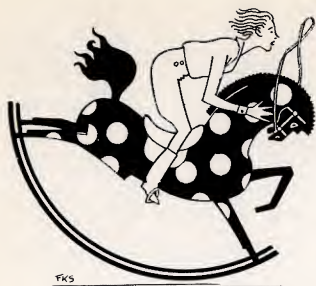
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O, RIDE A HOB HORSE

HOBBOY riding is often advocated by the physician. Not for the liver, exactly, but since a contented happy mind reacts on the liver it might not be amiss to say that hobby riding is good for the liver; "at any rate," the unthinking will say with all that complacency the unthinking are noted for, "it can do no harm."

But if you will do just a bit of thinking about the hobby riders you have known in your day you may come to the conclusion that hobby riders can do a lot of harm in a community.

Take my own community. Take yours. Take any community. Take two or three communities if you like, though one is plenty. Mine will do for an example.

All was serene on the surface, at least. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Everet and Mrs. Davis passed the day pleasantly when they met, discussed the weather, the depression, the trend of prices, whatnot—until a visitor at one of the homes imported the hobby riding hobby. Then things began to happen, for as always happens no two chose the same hobby—that is, the identical hobby. Even when Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith took to the Iris hobby, one rode the Purple and the other rode a Pure White steed. And the way those otherwise good women and neighbors made their hobbies buck and faunch and bite! It was scandalous.

Mrs. Everet was a timid-acting woman, never known to speak an unkind word, and just naturally she took to the Wild Bird hobby. But she was never the same thereafter. She grabbed the mane of her hobby and sprang astride, sans saddle, dug her spurs into his toughened flanks and gave him the rein.

Up in the air with the trusting robins and the much-maligned

hawks she rode. Down into the thicket she plunged where hides the poor hunted grouse; black forests held no terrors for her when the beautiful bluejay screamed. And, Man, how she did ride!

MRS. DAVIS mounted the Cat hobby, and it was no canter for her. She rode—tell the world! She had a hobby that was rarier to go and far be it from the rider to tighten the rein.

Her hob took her down the alleys lickety-scoot where the poor tabby skulks waiting for a chance to explore the garbage cans—or perchance take a spring at a sparrow—never a robin! Then again she would leave the alleys and gallop off through the country threshing through the underbrush seeking the poor wild house cat that has been turned adrift by some heartless farmer. Cats a menace! Mention in her presence a license for cats and you'd never recognize in that hobby rider the dear lovable neighbor that once was. Why, her perfectly adorable "tegonhatsihongar" the white feline rescued from the cat mortuary is just like a child she will tell you, cuddly and sweet and so appreciative. Never eats dirty things—never catches a bird. Mrs. Davis knows who concocted that piffle about cats exterminating song birds—dog fanciers!

Cooking you think might be a delightful hobby that would carry double? Oh-oh! Hobbies do not carry double; neither do two hobbies of the same name canter along the bridle paths amiably.

Children? Well, now, just look about you at the good women who make a hobby of their children. Can they agree on the important features of their chosen hobby? They cannot.

The hobby rider is a lone rider, and an overbearing companion. He

isn't satisfied—or she, to enjoy the chosen hobby of all hobbies—to lift the chin and take the wind on his face as he rides. He wants to push all other hobby riders off the trails; and what's worse he wants to describe his flights in lengthy detail to long-suffering friends who never did care for wild rides or tame canters on a hobby of whatsoever kind.

I HAVE a hobby or two myself; in fact, I have a stable full of nice gentle nags, but they're not show horses. I keep them exercised and fit, but I don't ask my neighbor to ride with me, or even admire my thoroughbreds. There was a time when I was wild enough to think my neighbors could be converted to my hobbies—but I learned better. It can't be did—and even if you did ride the same hobby you wouldn't agree with me on the care of the steed—or the way to sit the saddle—or something else equally silly.

I look at one neighbor riding the clouds with the birds; another searching out skulking cats in the alleys, one Iris rider clinging to the Purple Path, while her friend prefers the Pure White; one pulling leather while his steed races out after stamps—on and on the riders tear past without even a greeting, and I sigh for the old days when we were a nice quiet even if dull set, content to visit and listen to each other's tales of weal or woe—and I wonder if Hobby Riding is good for us after all.

A slow-going nag—but not a thoroughbred Hobby that gives all other riders the dust! Such a hobby may be good for the mind of the rider, and set the liver to purring—but it will play *hob* with the peace and quiet and serenity of just plain folks—pedestrians who love to chat and visit as they journey.

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THIS CALIFORNIAN LIKES ELAH

Oakdale, Cal., Jan. 15, 1935.

Gentlemen:

WHO is this girl Elah? Where do you find girls like her with the true pioneer spirit. I read her delightful article twice. Praise be to wives like her.

Eugene Higginbotham.

THIS ARIZONIAN ANSWERS

Webb, Arizona, Jan. 8, 1935.

Dear Editors:

TO the question by "Elah" my answer is this:

You are simply clinging to a virtue that every citizen should practice—"Patriotism." If the people were "Patriotic" this government would not be in danger of collapse.

This is God's government (See Doc. and Cov., Sec. 101, verse 80) established for a purpose, and His people cannot afford to assist in rendering that purpose abortive.

A. S. P.

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS GOT RESULTS"

I APPRECIATE *The Improvement Era*," writes a good friend from up Wyoming way. I took a copy to the local theatre management, showed its criticism of _____ and had it cancelled. "Morning Glory" was substituted in its place. I am sure that any individual in any community who will take the trouble with tact and perseverance backed up by information on the coming pictures can purify his home theatre to a large extent—and I believe any Mormon town is at fault when improper pictures are shown."

We cannot help but concur in this opinion.

ERA LIKED IN THE SOUTH

I WOULD like to take this opportunity to say a few things about *The Improvement Era*," writes Geo. E. McOmber, Mission Secretary, Southern States Mission. "I have been an ardent reader of the *Era* for the last two or three years. I deem it the most valuable magazine published for good wholesome reading. Realizing the value of *The Improvement Era* to a member of the Church, I am endeavoring, inasmuch as I am Mutual Supervisor here in the Mission, to put the *Era* into as many homes as possible. I do not know of any one agency outside of the Missionary Corps that can do more to raise the standards of the Saints here in this Mission, than *The Improvement Era*. Pres. Richards, since his arrival here to fill the appointment as Mission President, has been endeavoring to expand the view of the Saints and to give them higher goals to work for. He desires to have all the Saints become active. I am sure that if *The Improvement Era* could be in the home of every Latter-day Saint here in the South that his aim could be achieved in much less time. I believe that a monthly visit of *The Improvement Era* into the homes of the Latter-day Saints would be as valuable as a visit from the missionaries. I hope that we will be able to greatly increase the distribution of the *Era* here in this Mission.

"It has been delightful to follow you in your trip down into Mexico and then to familiarize myself with some of the very interesting phases of Montezuma history.

"Trusting that all is well with you and your family and wishing you continued success, I remain,

"Sincerely your brother,

Geo. E. McOmber,

"Mission Secretary."

FROM SOUTHEASTERN UTAH

"... We feel the *Era* is very necessary in our home. ... It is a spiritual guide for us as we do not live where we can take part in church activities. ... We digest its contents from cover to cover and are always anxious for the new edition. The article by Sister Leah Ivins Cardon touched our hearts for we too have lived in the Colonies, and we have

a very dear feeling for the Colonies in Mexico and the good people down there. . . . The covers are beautiful, in short, the whole magazine is, and your efforts are not spent in vain. . . . May our Heavenly Father bless all who take part in giving us such a wonderful guide and companion as the *Era* is. . . .

"Sincerely,

"Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Titus."

AH, CHICAGO LIKES THE ERA

I CAN'T tell you what a thrill I received the other day when I opened my *Era* and found not only my name in print, but one of my humble efforts as well," writes a young lady from Carl Sandburg's city. "I always enjoy your magazine and read it from cover to cover, but it does add zest to know that one has been able to add to its pages in some way."

TO THE BACHELOR GIRL OF NOVEMBER

OUR space is so limited that we cannot hope to print much more about the note in the November number, but here are a few paragraphs from up Cache Valley way; from Hyrum, Utah, in fact:

"So I am convinced that one should not depart from our Church standards in order to get a husband or wife. Life is not worth it. Remember—"The wages of sin is death." I think we would be happier in the world to come in a single state than in a sinful state. Marriage is far too sacred to consider as a part with sin. I think that we should earnestly endeavor to find husbands and wives that live the Church standards and prize high ideals. I shall be greatly disappointed if I don't find such a companion. . . . I think I would remain single rather than choose the other type. Let's all do as Apostle Widtsoe advises: 'Be in the world but not of it.'"

SUPPOSE, Mr. M Man, you were a Gleaner Girl instead. You would not then, according to our silly customs, have an opportunity to choose anybody. In that case what would you do?

"Dear Editor;

IT seems to me that your magazine must be doing a very wonderful work," writes a lady from New York state. "I found it first in a public library, and became so much interested that I even drove to the hill where the great leader found his inspiration. . . . Now I discover that we have a church in our own city. Have you ever noticed that as soon as one becomes interested in any subject it is easy to learn more and more, even unexpected sources give up their grain of information.

"I'm at least richer because of the interest awakened by my first reading of *Improvement Era*."

"Very truly,

"R. S. T."

ANOTHER NOTE TO ELAH

ELAH'S article—"Is the Depression Changing the Old Virtues"—which appeared in this magazine, has brought forth a great deal of comment. We are only sorry that we haven't space in which to publish all that has come in.

"I can say I was very much interested in it (the article in question). I will answer both 'Yes' and 'No.' Yes, because of the ease and willingness with which so many accept charity; they discuss the subject of getting their orders just as if it were a business proposition. . . . But I say no, with the majority of those who have been compelled to take help or suffer. . . ."

And so the letters run. The old virtues may not have changed, probably have not, nearly all declare, but all recognize an emergency, but blame those who accept help when not in dire need.

MISS IVY G. MORGAN, Los Angeles, California, writes: "I enjoy every part of *The Era*; it is a very uplifting and inspiring publication."



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